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NOTES.

Anti-Dreyfusards rejoiced at the prolongation of the Ministerial crisis: no one can agree; not everyone is a rogue like Waldeck-Rousseau, they said. But it is only natural that politicians should have been loth to enter a cabinet burdened with the blunders of former ministries, threatened by a stormy career, and probably a speedy fall. Should the Conseil de Guerre acquit Captain Dreyfus, the new ministry would have to order the prosecution of General Mercier, and other sinister sprigs of the General Staff. What insult and abuse would follow! What "patriotic" and anti-Semitic wrath! Papers say that M. Loubet looks ten years older; and no wonder. The anti-Dreyfusard press has compared him to M. Grévy who, after the Wilson affair, found no one willing to form a cabinet, and fell. M. Waldeck-Rousseau's success, after all, will be a disappointment. The État Major may now be punished for its forgery and frauds. At once honourable and courageous, he is the very man for a crisis; only France's real foes would benefit by his fall.

Times were when M. François Coppée strolled leisurely along the trim paths of the Luxembourg Gardens, throwing crumbs to the birds. Among statues, over flower-beds, at the fountain, he lingered: seeking themes, no doubt, for poems and for his articles in the "Journal." Then he fell ill, so dangerously that his life was despaired of. Priests called: when M. Coppée left his bed, strong again, he was a Catholic, already passionately attached to the Church. Other changes came over him; he neglected the birds in the Luxembourg, and poetry for politics. When the Ligne de la Patrie Française was founded, M. Coppée became president. Soon he made it his business to uphold the "Honour of the Army" on platforms, chastise the "Syndicate," ally himself to MM. Rochefort, Drumont, Millevoje—other patriots—embrace Marchand publicly at the Gare du Lyon, and sing his praises to a mob from the windows of a boulevard café. To-day, M. Coppée calls on all true citizens to support the General Staff, and especially General Mercier, nor does he hesitate to declare that the movement to "save" Captain Dreyfus is conducted by England, Switzerland, and Germany. As a poet, M. Coppée held a peaceful post in Paris: few heeded him, few loved his lines, but his work was worthier then than now.

There is no new development in the Transvaal situation, though it is something to know that Mr. Schreiner and Mr. Hofmeyr are using their great influence with Mr. Kruger to bring about a settlement that may be

"satisfactory to all parties." It is not, however, likely that anything decisive will be done before the late autumn, and in the meantime we must harden ourselves to the nuisance of prolonged uncertainty. We wish for his own sake that Mr. J. B. Robinson would not rush in where leading statesmen fear to tread. Mr. Robinson's fussy communications to the press and his offers of mediation are doubtless well meant, but they can only damage the cause of the Uitlanders. The explanation of public coolness towards the Uitlanders is the suspicion that the whole affair is a millionaires' job; and therefore the more Mr. J. B. Robinson keeps himself in the background the better it will be.

The news that the proctors were against the conferring of his D.C.L. on Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and the rumour that they even intended to use the rusty weapon of the veto, was quite enough to unite the undergraduates as one man in support of the victim. Anyone who is pursued by "the vestment of velvet and virtue" and its bulldogs immediately becomes an object of adoration to the undergraduate, and it is no wonder that the Sheldonian Theatre rose at Mr. Rhodes even more heartily than at Lord Kitchener. There was something of petty spite in this attack (it was nothing else) on a distinguished man which could have no effect but to rob a compliment of half its grace. The suggestion that he should come up this year did not come from Mr. Rhodes but from his proposer, and not unnaturally Mr. Rhodes put himself into his proposer's hands. That North and South Africa should thus meet in Oxford was an interesting, though, as it happens, purely accidental occurrence; but once Lord Kitchener knew that Mr. Rhodes had been asked to come up, he warmly urged him to assent. Possibly in doing so Mr. Rhodes made a mistake; but a mistake not nearly so great as that of the Master of Balliol, whose action served chiefly to emphasise the contrast with his predecessor. Jowett would never have been guilty of such a false step. We congratulate the Vice-Chancellor upon his dignified determination to maintain for Oxford University its tradition of courtesy unimpaired: and we commend to the peculiar people who protested the New College motto—"Manners makyth Man."

The Report of the Commissioners appointed to examine into the French Shore and other disputed questions which gather round Newfoundland, though it has long been in the hands of the Colonial Office, is not yet presented to Parliament. It is easy to understand that Mr. Chamberlain finds in his controversy with the Transvaal quite enough to engage his attention at the present moment. When this long-delayed document at length sees the light of day, it will be found on the

whole so favourable to the contentions of the colony that it will be extremely difficult for this country to avoid taking up the cudgels on behalf of a population which for years has been treated by successive administrations with contempt and indifference. A little adroit negotiation with France prior to the publication of the Report may smooth a path which threatens to be thorny.

We confess that we are not able to follow the Philo-American press in its jubilation over the reciprocity treaties which have been concluded between the United States and some of our West Indian Islands. It may not be a matter of regret that we are allowing those much-neglected dependencies to do something for themselves, but why emphasise the fact that we ourselves will do nothing for them? We gravely doubt if a few years hence we shall look back with satisfaction to a policy which has forced them to look for salvation from ruin to the United States rather than to Great Britain. Our politicians seem to ignore the fact that there are far-seeing American economists who are bidding their countrymen prepare to take over these islands which were intended by nature to be prosperous. Hitherto the effect of our rule has been to frustrate the intentions of nature in order to maintain the theory of natural supply and demand.

The opinions of Mr. William J. Bryan are not to be ignored outside the United States; for, in the absence of any other eligible candidate, he is bound to be the choice of the Democratic party in the next Presidential campaign. Unlike President McKinley, who even yet has not made any definite pronouncement on his future policy in the Philippines, Mr. Bryan has a policy and definitely states it. In his view the whole business is a departure from the sane foreign policy of past days and should be reversed. He demands a return to "Jeffersonian principles." What those principles are the curious may find set forth by Mr. Bryan in the current number of the "North American Review." But they are more interesting as being Mr. Bryan's principles than Jefferson's. Like other Opposition leaders, however, when returned to office, Mr. Bryan might find that the recognition of the *fait accompli* is a hateful necessity.

When the Secretary of State for India finds it necessary to remind the House of Commons that British rule in India is that of a small alien minority which can never hope for popularity, and describes the position as one of danger, he is using an argument which should be reserved for very serious occasions. There are seditious vernacular papers always ready to fasten on such utterances and circulate them with exaggerated and suggestive comments. It would be unspeakably mischievous if Parliament were constantly to interfere with the acts of the Indian Government. The mischief would be intensified if such interference were to compel the Minister on each occasion to refer to the supposed weakness of our position. This aspect of Lord George Hamilton's rather unfortunate obiter dictum on the Sugar Duties has presented itself even more strongly to the English Press in India than to his critics in Westminster.

Some human nature seems still to survive in the Indian Cavalry, though Lord Elgin thought it subdued if not extinct in the Commander-in-Chief of his time. At their recent annual dinner where the present Viceroy was a guest, a hope expressed by one of the speakers that profound peace would reign during His Excellency's term of office was, not unnaturally, received with loud murmurs by the cavalymen, supported by the Head of the Forces. This legitimate and proper instinct of soldiers to regret a condition of affairs which deprives them of opportunities for the active exercise of their profession extorted the Viceroy's sympathy. But the significance of the incident may not be thrown away when a question of frontier policy next arises and the views of the military members of his Council have to be weighed.

New South Wales has been so persistent an obstructor in the matter of Australian Federation that it would be the very acme of irony if the majority now

given in favour of the Federal Bill were to prove abortive. The chief ground for believing that the first year of the new century will see Australia a nation is that the question has been largely taken out of the hands of the politicians. For nearly twenty years it has been the sport of a jealous provincialism and of men who preferred to be assured leaders in a small State rather than possibly mere citizens in a big one. West Australian politicians we hope will not be permitted to hold the colony aloof from the movement. Of the other colonies concerned Victoria, South Australia and Tasmania are reasonably certain to repeat their former votes and fall into line with New South Wales. Until Federation is a fact Australia will not be in a position to throw her full weight into the solution of the vital and rapidly developing Pacific problem.

The Grand Duke Valdimir, the Tsar's uncle, and by far the most notable member of the Russian Imperial family, is in Finland "inspecting the garrisons," and the Russian newspaper officials tried to make a little capital out of the visit by telegraphing that he had had a hostile reception in Helsingfors. The story is an impudent falsehood, but doubtless it has had its effect in producing the belief in Russia and abroad that the Finlanders are a turbulent and disloyal people whom it will be necessary to discipline. Another Muscovite perversion of truth was the telegram a couple of days after announcing that the Tsar touched by the distress of the landless classes in Finland had ordered two million marks to be set apart for their relief and the improvement of their condition. As there is no distress in Finland but very real and desperate famine in Russia, the suggestion of Russian benevolence is rather comic. What has happened is simply that as Russia wants to grab two million marks of Finland's money for army purposes, she has artfully tacked on to that demand a request that the Finnish treasury should allocate another two millions to start a scheme of peasant proprietorship among the Finnish "torpars."

It is to the interest of so many intriguers to promote trouble on the Macedonian border that our only wonder is to find wars and rumours of war so infrequent there. For our part, we make it a rule never hastily to believe a report of serious conflict in the Balkans. We know that, at present, it would not suit any of the Balkan Governments to provoke a conflagration, and that particular precautions are being taken against agitating committees and their emissaries, whose task would otherwise be easy amid a turbulent and guileless population. The recent incident on the Servian frontier has undoubtedly been more serious than usual, but the very correct attitude of both Powers concerned affords an assurance of present peace as well as of increased vigilance for the future. Some day, no doubt, a scramble for Macedonia must inevitably take place, but we shall be vastly surprised if the year of the Hague Conference is permitted by an irony of Fate to witness the outbreak of a European war.

The Spanish Budget had been awaited with some curiosity. Relieved of her colonial burden by conquest and purchase, Spain might, with honest and efficient administration, look forward to emerging from her hand-to-mouth existence. Now, however, it appears that, instead of seizing a unique opportunity, she is merely taking advantage of her revived credit in order to launch forth into fresh extravagance. With an average budget of something between 725 and 750 millions, Señor Villaverde coolly puts forward an estimate of 937 million pesetas, and, as the prospect of collecting such a sum in the country appears quite problematical, he throws out a feeler as to the possibility of mulcting foreign bondholders to the tune of 20 per cent. There is some impudence about his procedure; for, while he admits frankly that he has no right to make such a demand, he does not hesitate to plead for a voluntary participation by foreigners in the fruits of native mismanagement. The ingenious part of the proposal is a submission to the verdict of the London committee, as it is now notorious that French investors are chiefly involved.

They who with Lord Farquhar have "closely followed the arguments which have been made both in

their lordships' House and in the House of Commons on the London Government Bill," will probably say, also with him, "they have really heard no damaging criticism of the Bill." The difference in the impressions left by the debates in the two Houses might be expressed by the omission of the word "damaging" for the Commons and of both "damaging" and "criticism" for the Lords. The Commons Opposition did criticise; the Radical "leader" and one or two others laid about in grand style, but they did no damage, for the simple reason that their blows were directed at a fabrication of their own that was not in the Bill—injury to the County Council. The Radical Lords, not wishing to be "jerked horribly," preferred none to false points, and could only mildly suggest that there might be danger in a greater Westminster and in trusting the new bodies with power to promote bills in Parliament. Whatever risk there may be—an there's any—in this last proposal, it must be traceable wholly to the smallness (in any sense) of the new boroughs, a character which these same Radical critics have strained every nerve to accentuate—in some cases with unfortunate success. On the principle of a Bill which is almost wholly a matter of minute details, after the long discussions of the Lower House, there was really nothing to say and it was said.

The intention of the Government to introduce a Clerical Tithes Bill came like a bombshell upon the Opposition, who threaten to unite more closely than ever in resisting it! This need not wring the withers of the Treasury bench, nor need the rumour that Sir William Harcourt will lead the attack greatly disturb them. The Bill is the inevitable outcome of the interim Report published by the Local Taxation Committee, and is introduced into the House of Commons as "a very much needed act of justice." We are in hearty agreement with the foregoing accurate expression used by Mr. Balfour in referring to this measure, which should become law this Session no matter what opposition it may encounter.

It is difficult to understand on what principle the War Office is acting in proposing to concentrate seven infantry battalions on Salisbury Plain. As such a large sum is to be spent, the building of one additional barrack would be of comparatively small consequence. But it would have the enormous advantage of concentrating in one place eight battalions of infantry. Mr. Wyndham recently stated, too, that to concentrate troops in brigades and divisions under the leaders who would lead them in war was the aim of the War Office. Yet on the first occasion when a possibility of doing so arises the opportunity is thrown away.

"Professor" Stuart and Mr. Labouchere waxed very wroth with Mr. Balfour because he proposed to place the Telephone Bill out of reach of Radical solicitude by referring it to the Grand Committee on Trade. To our mind a Grand Committee is the best place for the Bill, for there it will be subjected to the scrutiny of men well acquainted with the telephonic needs of the business community, who will not be tempted by the sight of the Press Gallery into making speeches denouncing monopoly and all its works that contribute in no wise to the solution of an important and difficult commercial problem. We have from the first expressed the opinion that Mr. Hanbury's Bill is bad because it will not achieve the object which he admits is the one aimed at, the establishment of an effective competition with the National Telephone Company and the provision of a cheap and universal telephone system. In the Grand Committee, if anywhere, there is some chance that the Bill may be improved or at any rate shelved, which perhaps might be an improvement, too.

One of the obstacles to the smooth working of the Workmen's Compensation Act is rapidly disappearing. It was feared at first that prohibitive terms would prevent employers from having recourse to insurance, and without insurance the Act would undoubtedly bear hardly on "capital." But experience is teaching the insurance companies that safety does not necessitate high premiums. Only a day or two since the Bradford

Chamber of Commerce was able to conclude an arrangement with a leading office, by which mill-owners who are members of the Chamber can insure against all risks under the Compensation Act as well as under the old Employers' Liability Acts and Common Law, at the rate of 1s. 6d. per cent. of wages paid yearly. Only last year the rate was 3s. 3d. per cent., and when the Act first came into operation it was 10s.

Trade-unionism in the United States, according to their latest official returns, has not yet fully developed what is one of its most striking features in England—the sick, accident and other benefits secured to its members. Almost everything of this nature has come into existence since 1880, but the proportion of mere strike pay to the benefit pay is constantly if gradually decreasing. In the New York Trade-unions, comprising over half a million members, the strike pay only amounted to about 17 per cent. of other benefits. But this is not the average for the whole country. In the United Kingdom in a hundred principal unions the expenditure on trade disputes is only a little over 19 per cent. of the whole.

Is it the exigency of finance, which their new budget does not seem likely to relieve, that has suggested to the London School Board its ingenious trick for evading its duty as to re-housing? By the standing orders of either House, any scheme which involves the taking of twenty or more houses in London occupied by the labouring classes must contain provisions for the re-housing of persons displaced, and the re-housing scheme must have obtained the approval of the Home Secretary before the Bill can pass. The School Board has lately acquired what is known as the Wood Street site in Bethnal Green, and on the site taken there are twenty houses occupied by "persons belonging to the labouring class." How does the Board meet its re-housing obligations? Ingeniously it cuts what is essentially one site into two, and applies in 1895 for powers to acquire one portion containing thirteen such houses, and in the following year it takes the other portion containing seven of them. Thus the Board gets all it wants and triumphantly escapes its obligations. Clearly, if what seems to us to come very near to a "colourable transaction" is allowed to go on with impunity, the re-housing clauses are a dead letter.

The Muscat case, decided by Mr. Justice Grantham in favour of the defendants, now awaits the Court of Appeal whence it will probably go to the Lords, for it is a case of a kind that has very rarely come before the Courts. The facts were interesting. The plaintiffs were a firm of merchants in London and also at Bushire in the Persian Gulf and for many years had shipped large consignments of arms and ammunition to Muscat and other places in the Persian Gulf. About eighteen months ago the plaintiffs shipped on the "Beluchistan" some hundred boxes of cartridges in London and many thousand rifles from Antwerp. Subsequently when the "Beluchistan" arrived off Muscat, Commander Carr of Her Majesty's ship "Lapwing" called upon the "Beluchistan" to stop and fired a blank cartridge to effect his object. He then boarded her and told the Master that he must consider his cargo of arms and ammunition as seized, so far as they were the property of British, Persian, or Muscat subjects. It was in respect of this seizure that the plaintiffs sued the Commander for damages. The defence was that the seizure of the goods was effected under the provisions of a proclamation issued by the Sultan of Muscat, at the instigation of the British Government, and under the apprehension that arms and ammunition landed on the shore of the Persian Gulf might find their way into the hands of the Afridis who were then fighting on the North-West Frontier of India.

The Bar Council again calls attention to the long detention in gaol of prisoners whether innocent or guilty before undergoing their trial. This is a perfect scandal, a denial of justice, a violation of the spirit of the Constitution, and an expense to the State. A man may be acquitted after five or six months in gaol; he

ruined, and yet have no claim for compensation. In this respect they manage things better in France. Serious attention was promised in 1897 by the Government, but nothing has been done. It is the Circuit system which is the cause of the evil, as it is the despair of the legal profession. The Bar Council are in favour of a County Criminal Court in each county, like the Central Criminal Court, with sittings at short intervals. They also suggest a commission to inquire. That is fatal in general, as Lord Salisbury has lately given us to understand.

It is characteristic of English public life that a great deal of the best work done by its public men is little known and receives but scant recognition as its reward. This reflection is occasioned by the perusal of the Fifteenth Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission which has just been issued, proclaiming the further publication of papers of State importance, recently found in the possession of various persons throughout the country. Such for instance is the correspondence between Harley and De Foe which is declared to be "of great literary and biographical importance;" this belongs to the Duke of Portland as well as letters from Atterbury and Godolphin. Other treasures examined belong to the Duke of Somerset, to Lord Salisbury, and to Lord Carlisle amongst whose papers—"perhaps the greatest literary find of all"—is a collection of letters from George Selwyn to the fifth Lord Carlisle, which are to be published.

The Ladies' Soirée of the Royal Society is always so crowded that the guests themselves necessarily attract more attention than the exhibits. Fortunately for those who go to see scientific novelties, most of the exhibits have already appeared at the May reception. Of the new ones the most interesting were the series of polished stone implements collected in Borneo by Professor Haddon, a newly elected Fellow of the Society who has lately returned from an anthropological tour of investigation in the Malay Archipelago. Interesting, too, and very beautiful were the fine views of Patagonian scenery made by Dr. Moreno during one of his successful fossil-collecting expeditions to that inhospitable land. There was simply no opportunity to inspect carefully most of the microscopic objects displayed, although some of these, such as the specimens of the parasites of malaria, were of extreme interest. Inevitably the soirée is becoming more a social function than a scientific display.

Cab-fares in London are fixed by Act of Parliament, for the simple reason that to allow the hiring of a cab to be a matter of bargain would be an intolerable nuisance, though the practice largely prevails in New York and Paris. Having fixed the fares at so much a mile, it is logically the duty of the metropolitan police to see that the public have the means of knowing how far they travel. The only way of doing this is by affixing a taximeter to the cab, for the hanging up of tables of fares on lamp-posts is ridiculous. The fares are only from certain points to certain points, and they are no use where they are. The Home Secretary, if he wants for once to do a popular thing, should insist on all cabs supplying themselves with taximeters. Americans and the crush of the season have spoiled cabby, and he is seldom or never satisfied with his legal fare. There is another good point about the taximeter cab—the driver is paid a regular wage.

It is time that some restriction were placed upon the use of the Royal Standard. Its indiscriminate exhibition over hotels and other private buildings has become a scandal. No one has a right to hoist the personal banner of the Sovereign unless in the presence of a member of the Royal Family. The only exception is where there is a direct representation of the head of the State. Thus the Lord High Admiral, when in executive command, in old days always flew the Royal Standard as the deputy of the Sovereign, who in some of the early sea fights commanded in person. If private persons want a flag, let them fly the Union Jack! Is it not enough to claim to be British without pretending to be Royal?

PHASES OF PUBLIC OPINION.

NOTHING is so inscrutable as public opinion, so erratic in its courses, and so incalculable in its impulses. Even those whose most vital interests, pecuniary or political or professional, depend upon reading the public mind correctly, will admit, if they are candid, that they are more often wrong than right. The statesman and the stockbroker have been sharpening their wits all their lives upon public opinion, and inasmuch as ambition and money are the two most powerful motives affecting men of the world, they certainly have every inducement to study closely "the beast with many heads." Yet the oldest Parliamentary hand, and the most experienced operator in Throgmorton Street, would probably tell you that they can never foretell what impression a certain piece of news will make upon the public. They can no more tell how the public will take a telegram or a speech than a manager can tell whether a play by an unknown author will succeed or fail. In all cases the thing is a pure speculation. Let us illustrate this by four notable events in recent years.

Great Britain has a long outstanding dispute with Venezuela as to the boundary between that State and the colony of British Guiana. Venezuela had behaved to us with even more than the ordinary procrastination and impertinence of a twopenny-halfpenny South American Republic, and we had made up our minds that we had had enough. Suddenly in the month of July 1895, Mr. Olney, Secretary of State for the United States, addressed to Mr. Bayard, the American ambassador in London, a despatch to be laid before Lord Salisbury, from which the following is an extract: "To-day the United States is practically sovereign on this continent, and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition." Considering that Great Britain owns half of the North American continent, this was a large order. But it was not all. The despatch continued: "in addition to all other grounds, its" (i.e. the United States) "infinite resources combined with its isolated position render it master of the situation and practically invulnerable." Considering that the United States had, as the Hispano-American war proved, neither a fleet nor an army, this was a larger order still. But it was not all. On 17 December of the same year President Cleveland addressed a message to Congress, which was duly cabled over here. The peroration ran as follows: "Assuming, however, that the attitude of Venezuela will remain unchanged, the dispute has now reached such a stage as to make it incumbent upon the United States to determine with sufficient certainty for its justification what is the true divisional line between the Republic of Venezuela and Great Britain. In order that such an examination should be prosecuted in a thorough and satisfactory manner, I suggest that Congress should make an adequate appropriation for the expenses of a commission to be appointed by the executive, who shall make the necessary investigation and report upon the matter with the least possible delay. When such report is made and accepted it will, in my opinion, be the duty of the United States to resist by every means in its power, as a wilful aggression upon its rights and interests, the appropriation by Great Britain of any lands or the exercise of governmental jurisdiction over any territory which after the investigation we have determined of right belongs to Venezuela." A grosser, and more unprovoked, insult was never addressed by one nation to another—it was, in effect, a declaration of war. Yet what was the effect on public opinion in England? There was a sort of panic on the Stock Exchange; and men went about with blanched faces, asking one another whether we were really going to war with the States. Meekly Lord Salisbury sat down to pen a long and scholarly answer to the vulgar bombast of Mr. Olney; while the Queen's Speech informed Parliament that the United States had "expressed a wish to co-operate in bringing to a close the Venezuela dispute"! Anger there was none in the public mind; and there could not really have been any alarm, because the Government must have known, if the more ignorant of the public did not, that the United States was practically at our mercy, and that we might have bombarded or blockaded

their principal cities. About the same time a band of desperadoes, who were subsequently tried in London and thrown into prison, invaded the Transvaal Republic from British territory. The Dutch defeated the raiders, and in a thoughtless hour the German Emperor, the grandson of our Queen, congratulated Mr. Kruger by wire upon his successful defence of his country. In a moment public opinion was aflame. The German Emperor was denounced from one end of Great Britain to the other; he was caricatured in the press; he was held up to ridicule and hatred in the music-halls; and war, a bloody war with the strongest military Power in Europe, was loudly called for to avenge the insult offered to the honour of England. Yet nothing is clearer than the fact that nine Englishmen out of ten repudiate the raid, and that the German Emperor had no more intention of wounding the susceptibilities of this country than of flying over the moon. Nearly twelve months ago Lord Kitchener had just completed his slow and victorious march into the depths of the Soudan. He had broken the enemy, but on an island in a swamp, in the heart of that deadly and valueless region, he found a French Major with a score of bearers and a friend! The gallant Frenchman had actually walked across Africa to meet Lord Kitchener, and was only too glad to exchange flowers and fruit for champagne and cigars. Fashoda itself was not worth a row of pins to anybody, and the whole incident smacked of *opéra bouffe*. But English public opinion took the thing tragically. Consols fell, something in the nature of an ultimatum was presented to the French Government, and serious preparations were made for war. Party differences disappeared: the nation was united as one man in its determination to fight France for a spongy acre of ground nobody knows where. To-day we are engaged in a terrible South African trouble. The rivalry between the English and Dutch races in South Africa has always been a danger, which has now come to a head. A large number of our countrymen with their families are living in a Dutch republic, which fattens on their taxes and denies them the ordinary rights and privileges of civilised government. The High Commissioner has written a powerful despatch depicting the practical oppression to which our countrymen are subjected, and calling upon the mother-country to protect her children. The Transvaal is for its size the most valuable country in the world, and a war with it would not derange our commerce in the least. Public opinion remains strangely, even culpably, apathetic on the question. The following "flamer" was hung out by an evening paper last week: "Disgraceful Collapse of England," in large letters: then underneath, in much smaller type, "Kruger defiant." The big type, it is hardly necessary to explain, referred to a cricket match at Lord's.

AUSTRIA INFELIX.

THE respite afforded by the Emperor-King's intervention serves to emphasise the gloom of the outlook rather than to encourage a hope that Austria may resume her proverbial felicity. It is true that quite a number of years have now elapsed without a revolution or other signal political calamity, but it is well to remember that what is *aufgeschoben* is not necessarily *aufgehoben*; that any number of mere patchwork compromises avail nothing towards a permanent settlement. While there are few so irreconcilable that they are unwilling to defer to the wishes of their amiable and popular Sovereign, at least to the extent of delaying immediate demands, there remains no guarantee that they will show any desire to gratify his successors. Many of us are tempted to lay the blame of the situation upon the Constitution, here as elsewhere. It is certainly true that constitutional government has been tried and found wanting in many lands; that in France, Italy, Spain and other countries it has bred abuses and disasters; that in the Dual Empire its intricate provisions have induced many unavoidable deadlocks. The ordinary Liberal clubman cannot understand why a form of government, which has grown healthily in this country, should wither and blight so soon as it is transplanted abroad; let us then

remind him of the American millionaire who craved a recipe for English turf and was bidden cut, roll and water during a dozen centuries. But Francis Joseph is confronted rather by racial than by constitutional difficulties; in his heterogeneous dominions the most perfect system of representation could only serve to accentuate the jealousies and rivalries of naturally antagonistic peoples. Whatever we may think of democracy in principle, it is impossible to reconcile it with the permanence of such a conglomeration of discordant elements as Austria. If there were even a faint desire to work together in harmony, we might foresee a *modus vivendi* in some kind of loose federation. But as it is, the only possibility of permanence lies in the absolute government of one strong man.

Whether permanence is desirable raises another question. From the point of view of our policy in Europe a vigorous Austria would be an excellent ally, but that is not to be looked for under the present Sovereign. Francis Joseph is judicious, but he is certainly not a strong man: by dint of transparent honesty, he has won many surprising diplomatic triumphs, but his strength has been that of the willow rather than that of the oak. Heirs to thrones have afforded many surprises ere now, and it is not inconceivable that a new Frederick the Great may unveil himself upon a demise of the Crown, but so far there has been nothing to warrant any such hope and the odds now appear to favour a disruption of Austria at no distant date. Germany may advance to Vienna, where Baron Schönerer and his partisans have kept alive sentiments of doubtful patriotism: the Slavs may erect a kingdom or join hands with their Servian brethren; Hungary may acquire independence at the expense of her prestige; Russia and Roumania may establish ethnological claims. This is of course pure speculation and liable to be belied by the thousand and one accidents of political development. But the fact remains that a crisis is imminent and whoever is best prepared for it will secure the lion's share. Meanwhile we can only hope that the spirit of compromise, which the Emperor's influence has kept alive, may be developed and expanded in the interests of the whole body-politic, and that immediate selfishness may give way to an appreciation of the wider interests which are at stake.

It is the fashion to dismiss the present situation as incomprehensible. No doubt the Constitution, like the Empire itself, is exceedingly artificial, but there is no reason why the rights and wrongs of the case should not easily be grasped. There are only two main issues, each plainly intelligible. The Hungarians may be likened to a cantankerous and exacting wife, the Germans of Austria to an indulgent, deprecating husband. The *Ausgleich* is their marriage settlement, and as it has been drawn on a temporary basis, it affords constant opportunities for bickering. The virago hints at a judicial separation, while her lord alternates between sulky references to the marriage vow and ungraceful concessions on every important point. The Slavs are their bondservants rather than their children and are bullied by both in the intervals of henpecking and recrimination. They have, however, a will and ideals of their own and are far more to be reckoned with than the Roumanians of Transylvania, who seem to have bowed their necks definitely to the yoke. A Slav question remains and will force itself to the front whenever the quarrels of the household afford an opening. So far the most hot-headed has scarcely ventured to ask for more than liberty to use his own language, but meanwhile grievances have been gathering volume and the time cannot be far distant when they will make themselves felt. As for Hungary, no doubt she possesses a high-sounding past, and zealous historians have taken more than their usual license to embellish it. But she has long remained stationary in all the essentials of national development, arrogance and commercial greed have condemned her to friendless isolation, and with all her outward show of robustness she has every symptom of internal decay. Her character is that of a bully and her loud voice has often procured undeserved triumphs, but the hollowness of her pretensions is already beginning to be laid bare. It is only her overwhelming pride which blinds her to the poverty of her future and makes her willing to postpone a final settlement, though with

every year's delay this must be less advantageous for her. No doubt, with her narrow conception of patriotism, she trusts that the increasing difficulties of Austria will enable her to extort better and better terms, but this is to ignore the rapidity of her own progress downward. The original Ausgleich of 1867 was far more favourable to her than she had any right to expect and, though its perfections on paper developed every sort of confusion and deadlock in action, it remained a splendid lever for constitutional pressure.

The famous fourteenth article remains, however, an ever-effective answer to exorbitant demands, and leaves the Sovereign, with his legal right to resort to absolutism, master of the situation. It is this probably, far more than any sentimental regard for his good nature or amiable personality, which secures his recognition as supreme conciliator in times of stress. The exponents of modern ideas assure us that nowadays even pure despotism is tempered by the menace of revolution, but we find here a retort in an elaborate popular Constitution being limited by a provision for personal government. Without indicating the likelihood of a return to old political methods and ideas, this may yet be taken to argue that authority still retains some credit, that democracy is by no means an irresistible panacea. The prospect of a reaction in the first principles of government remains inchoate and remote, but if at any time it should approach and become a reality, it is to Austria that we must look for the initiative and the convincing example.

MINISTERIAL INSTABILITY.

ONE of the puzzles of French politics to many Englishmen is the calmness with which France takes a Cabinet crisis. With our rather pharisaical fondness for lecturing other people, because they do not conduct their public business exactly in our fashion, we are always prepared to moralise severely over the instability of governments across the Channel. Every time we hear that a French ministry has been "used up" after an ephemeral career of eight months or so, we shake our heads and talk gloomily of revolution. To judge by the comments of most of our newspapers Paris at this moment should be in abysmal depths of anxiety. But even with the Dreyfus spectre haunting it, the population of the capital and the provinces is by no means in that condition. It is indeed rather amusing for a reflective Briton to leave London in the morning, armed with the budget of foreboding vaticinations provided for him by agitated leader-writers, and to find, on his arrival in Paris in the evening, the current of business and pleasure flowing on with its usual busy insouciance, its tranquil gaiety. "Je ne m'occupe pas de la politique," says the bourgeois, as he glances at the gossip from the lobbies with scarcely more interest than the average Londoner displays in the proceedings of the County Council. These rapid changes of ministry which fill our journalists with fresh apprehension every time they occur in Paris are accepted quite coolly by Frenchmen. People do not go to bed and dream of barricades when one set of slightly known gentlemen replaces another at the official residences. The French are an excitable people, but it takes more than the fall of a ministry to stir their emotions now. They have learnt by this time that there is no need for alarm when one of these episodes occurs, and that the changes may be rung among the twenty or so of available premiers without making any substantial difference to the ordinary citizen, and without indeed producing any necessarily striking effect upon the national policy. Even on the present occasion, though the "crisis" has been unusually prolonged, and is aggravated by the forthcoming Rennes court-martial, "there is no symptom," says one of the most competent English journalists in Paris, "of public agitation." People know well, he adds, that sooner or later a ministry will be formed; and "they do not expect anything more from it than from any of the numerous previous ministries which have held office during the past ten years." This is the characteristic British explanation of the matter. The French ought to be in convulsions over the "instability"

of their Government; if they are not, their calmness must merely be that of disgust or despair.

But the Frenchman looks at the question from a rather different point of view. The frequent ministerial changes, which would make us think that our world was coming to an end if they happened in this country, are regarded by him with equanimity. He knows that, in spite of them, the administration of the Republic will run on smoothly enough, because it is, to a considerable extent, not in the hands of ministers at all. The French Chambers exercise a control over the conduct of Government much larger than that possessed by the House of Commons. The latter is now mainly a legislative council; but the Chamber of Deputies is a department of the Executive. Its bureaux are something more than merely examining and investigating bodies; they are, in fact, administrative committees. The Chamber maintains a constant supervision over the details of finance, naval and military affairs, and the great departments of State. Ministers come and go, but the committees remain, and a certain continuity of policy is secured. If Lord Salisbury were to go out of office to-morrow and a Liberal premier were to succeed him, we should expect some considerable changes in the direction of home, and perhaps also of foreign, affairs; and if the process could be performed too frequently the greatest confusion would ensue. Imagine the state of things which would have arisen, in the years between 1885 and 1892, if Home Rule and Unionist Cabinets had been changing places every six months or so! But in France there are not two great parties, with one side definitely in and the other out. Ministries are made up from various groups and sections. When a premier is dismissed, by a hostile vote, very likely half his colleagues will go on with their innings, under a new chief. Under such circumstances, even apart from the control of the bureaux, the change need not mean much. The Chamber has no desire to effect any general modifications in the policy of the Government. It merely means to explain to the President of the Council that it is displeased by some particular action on his part; and it punishes him by turning him out of office, as an expression of its dissatisfaction.

"The resignation of a ministry," says Mr. Bodley in his admirable survey of French institutions, which we noticed last week, "is usually under the Third Republic a mere reconstruction of the Council, the defeated prime minister himself sometimes accepting a subordinate place in the new combination." This obviously mitigates that instability which strikes us so painfully. Many people, even in England, might think that a re-shuffling of the ministerial cards more frequently than once in five or six years might have its advantages, provided that it could be effected without involving larger issues. But in France this inclination to alter the personnel at frequent intervals is due to something which is not exactly caprice. It satisfies the instinct for equality, and is inspired by a genuine dread of Caesarism. In a country where under Republican forms the administration is still based on the highly centralised system adapted by Napoleon from the ancien régime, there is always an apprehension that the executive may become too powerful for the public safety. Once allow a minister to keep under his control his army of clerks and functionaries for a few years, and he might easily forget that he is the servant of the Sovereign People, through its elected delegates. The House provides against this risk—which may appear shadowy enough to us but is sufficiently real in France—by permitting no combination to remain in office very long. "Ministerial responsibility" to quote Mr. Bodley again "takes the form of ministerial instability." It is not an ideal arrangement, but it suits the peculiar conditions of the French constitutional system better than is commonly supposed. It would be a paradox to maintain that unstable cabinets make a stable government anywhere. But there is at least this to be said on the other side. The short-lived, lightly-changed, ministry is more amenable to the control of the legislature and the pressure of public opinion than the more powerful and firmly based governing committee, which rules almost autocratically for several years, perhaps to find at the end of the time

that it has entirely lost touch with the majority of the electorate, and must hand over its semi-despotic authority to a rival association for a similar period.

THE BETTER STIMULUS.

WERE Sir Henry Fowler and Mr. Chamberlain distinctly conscious, in the heat of the discussion on countervailing duties, of the antinomies or contradictory principles of human nature itself, implicit in their controversy? The question may sound somewhat portentous in a matter of sugar, and it is well to say at once that we are not suggesting that there is anything in the nature of first principles decisive for or against countervailing duties overlooked either by Sir Henry Fowler or Mr. Chamberlain. To put the point shortly and simply, what we mean is that Sir Henry adopted the theory that men will do their best when they are reduced to extremities; Mr. Chamberlain's theory is that energy and consequent improvement are mostly to be expected under the stimulus of hope. Which is right when you are speaking of men in general? In individual cases we should not apply either principle absolutely, but should have regard to the moral temperament and circumstances of the person whose conduct we were forecasting. The stronger the character the greater likelihood there would seem that success would come through adversity; the less fear that the energies would be paralysed by unequal struggle between the person and his surroundings. The more commonplace or average of type the man is, the less should we expect continued energy under poverty and hardship unalleviated by the aid and sympathy of those who are his natural supporters. Parents act on this supposition in the case of their children. It is a parental tradition to inculcate upon them a very Spartan-like doctrine of endurance and self-denial; domestic life has inherited many venerable aphorisms stating the doctrine in picturesque and mnemonical form; but after all parents practise it in anything but a logical manner. The discrimination we make in individual cases it seems only sensible to make in considering men in the aggregate. Would our conclusion be from our knowledge of men taken in the aggregate that the best in them is to be evoked, as it may be in some of the higher natures, by leaving them unsympathetically under all circumstances to their own unaided resources?

The question seems highly abstract, but it is in fact of great practical importance. As we decide it one way or the other we may decide for or against many economic and social proposals. Much of the reaction against extreme individualism is due to the protest against the idea implied in Sir Henry Fowler's opposition to the countervailing duties, that economic invalids ought to cure their own diseases. Under all circumstances, no matter how depressed may be their natural vitality by a long course of economic ills, they are assured there is no remedy but their own energy and initiative, and there is nothing to be done but calling upon them to summon all the resources of the economic man; that inhuman being who only works well under fear of starvation, and under that stimulus is expected to achieve the higher purposes of humanity. We are beginning, however, to see that in many cases where particular classes of the community are in unhealthy abnormal conditions this kind of advice can have no more practical result than the similar advice given to Mrs. Dombey to make an effort, and then all would be well. If remedies are possible they must come from outside, not in the shape of mitigating charity, pleaded for by those who justly loathed and abhorred the narrow and unsympathetic economics of the fifties, but of the wider and more intelligent application of the State's action establishing and controlling economic conditions. Nothing is more remarkable from every point of view, social, political, and economical, than the changes which have resulted from the more recent tendency to construe economical problems in terms of ethics and politics, which is only another name, in theory at any rate, for applied ethics in public life. Wealth production was the chief topic of the early economists. There was

little in their treatment of the question of distribution that now appeals to our sense of what is equitable. On that side hope was almost excluded from the future of the majority of wage-earners. The law of population, the law of wages which were inevitably to sink always to subsistence point, the futility of combination to raise wages by Trade-unions—all these things were dinned into the ears of people to the point of despair, and economical science, which unlike other sciences seemed to serve no purpose except to emphasise the impossibility of escape from human wretchedness, acquired its notorious appellation as the dismal science. But we are only concerned with the admitted mistakes of economists in order to point out that as soon as their incubus-like theories were cast off, the improvements began which mark the rapid social political and economic advancement of the working classes. The era of hope set in, and with it the masses of the people recovered their healthy energies, and began to show "what courage may be gained from hope." We may very reasonably remember these facts when Sir Henry Fowler's theory that economic desperation is the mother of economic improvements is being considered. What it really means is that the person who propounds it does not conceive properly the moral or political doctrine which lies behind all questions relating to industry. It is simply giving up government in one great department of society. Yet if there is one idea more than another now influencing legislation and national administration, it is that an almost illimitable prospect is opening up for action. The mere production of wealth might be left to the uncontrolled operations of individuals as the old ideal was, if to become rich were the only object. But that is hopelessly apart from any moral view, whether of the nation or individuals. It may not be consistent with good government, with the development of the nation's life in its higher spiritual and intellectual aspects, nor with its happiness, though that is saying the same thing in another form. In how many respects has it been shown to be inconsistent with the interests of education, and with healthy physical conditions both of children and adults? The Government is the public conscience, or the instrument of the public conscience, now at an infinite distance from the old conceptions of *laissez faire*. It is a socialist and not an individualist conscience which rules, though it endorses none of the formal schemes of Socialism; nor have they the least chance of success within any period that comes into practical consideration.

But we owe to Socialism the more recent conception of government controlling and regulating trade and industry, and making them subsidiary to the other and higher purposes for which society is constituted. It is a conception of the State much nearer that of Toryism than it ever entered into the heart of Radicals to conceive. For a time Toryism was eclipsed by Liberalism with dire results both to political and social morality—social in this connexion being understood, of course, in its wider sense; and we may thank Socialism at any rate for having largely helped to resuscitate an old ideal; the more direct action of the State than was allowed by Liberalism. The *via media* of state socialism is the direction in which at present public opinion tends. It does this very decidedly; and there is a marked coincidence of this change of tendency with that undoubted dissatisfaction with free-trade as it has always appeared in Radical programmes, which is so significant a fact in present politics. Free-trade does not form an item in the very drastic programmes of the Socialist bodies. That may be either from a lofty disdain of a small object compared with others they have in view, or a politic silence upon a matter which might prejudice them on the whole—doubtful though so many workmen are of the results of free-trade. This is one of those opinions on which we suspect Socialists are allowed to retain an open mind; but, unless we misconceive the ideas of Socialism, we cannot imagine under its régime the utter indifference to the stability of a country's natural industries which is implied in unconditional free-trade. Socialism would have for its first aim the equilibrium of its industrial system, partly because of the political disturbance its breakdown would cause, but still more because, on the ruin of any particular industry, the operatives would

become a burden on the community. We need hardly go through the formality of pointing out that it is of these dangers that most nations but England are prescient; and that this explains in great measure their maintenance of Protection. Under Socialism those dangers would be more patent, that is all; they would not be more real than they are at present. Dislocation of great industries, whether by free-trade or other economic cause, produces equal physical and moral disasters. It is only on the basis of the full stomach, as Mr. Meredith puts it, that we are a match for temporal matters, and able to contemplate eternal. In other words ethics and economics are inseparable.

THE ROYAL SHOW.

IN the selection of a site for the summer show the Royal Agricultural Society must regard elbow room rather than picturesque surroundings; consequently places like the Town Moor at Doncaster, or the somewhat dreary expanse of Trafford Park, have a value in the official eye which cannot be over-estimated. Sometimes luck befalls the Society by giving both space and scenery as at Warwick, and again on Monday last at Maidstone. No more beautiful place could have been found for an agricultural show of the dimensions to which the Royal has grown than is Mote Park, now the property of Sir Marcus Samuel. To add to its eligibility it is within about a mile of the two railway stations, while in point of scenery it is like a little Kent, all hill and dale, and when the middle of the show ground was gained the visitor who could for a moment turn his attention from live stock and all the variety of articles comprehended under the word implements could view a magnificent panorama with the Kentish hills in the distance. Some visitors may possibly have seen the Mote House, commenced in 1794, and occupying a less secluded site than did the old mansion pulled down in 1799, or they may have caught a glimpse of the pavilion in the park which tells of military doings in 1799 when the chance of England's invasion caused the raising of the Kentish Volunteers. They were reviewed in Mote Park on 1 August, 1799 by King George III., who together with Queen Charlotte, the Princesses Elizabeth and Sophia and the King's brother, set out from Kew at the early hour of half-past five in the morning and made a triumphal entry into Maidstone. Just a century later the Prince of Wales entered Maidstone to find it even more gaily decorated than it was in 1799. But on Tuesday last the sword had, so to say, been turned into a ploughshare, and instead of the glitter of arms and the galloping of cavalry horses, those at the show saw nothing brighter than the metal and the somewhat gay colours of agricultural appliances, while horses and cattle paraded leisurely round the ring in the presence of the Prince. The royal marquee of a hundred years ago had changed into a royal pavilion, and peace was represented instead of preparation for war.

It will be within everybody's recollection that the Royal Agricultural Society would have visited Maidstone last year had it not been for the terrible outbreak of typhoid, so they made the somewhat disastrous journey to Four Oaks instead. This year, however, the regular programme was resumed and the quaint Kentish town laid itself out to welcome its visitors, though it is to be feared that the numbers accepting the invitation were not quite so great as was expected. Still to not a few the sight of the Kentish hop gardens must have been a novelty, and it is well that the peregrinations of the premier Agricultural Society should take their followers where every branch of agriculture can be seen. Maidstone's streets are narrow and tortuous and therefore the better lend themselves to decoration. The supply of bunting was liberal in the extreme, and when the somewhat crooked course to Mote Park had been covered the expanse of the ground was all the more apparent. Immediately on entering the well-known gates the visitor was reminded of the tillage of the soil, first by the wealth of roots and cereals on the stands of Messrs. Sutton, Webb, Carter, and Dickson, and next by the extraordinary number and variety of the implements used in preparing the ground, and for carrying

on the business of farming generally. It was only in the fitness of things that a substantial prize should be offered for the best machine for washing hops with insecticide, the machine to be worked by horse or mechanical power, and the reward went appropriately enough to Messrs. Drake and Fletcher, of the Kentish Engineering Works, Maidstone, who exhibited a machine called the Mistifier.

The livestock showed some falling off—not perhaps in itself a bad thing, for the actual strength of a show is not altogether to be gauged by numbers. At most of them are to be found a number of animals which are far below exhibition form, and are neither attractive nor a test of the show's merit. Except perhaps in the classes devoted to light horses, from which there were several absentees, the best-known breeders and exhibitors well patronised the show, the Queen as usual sending sundry exhibits, and winning a first prize with a two-year-old Clydesdale horse; a first and a second in shorthorns, and a shorthorn championship. The Prince of Wales did not attain to his usual distinction in Southdown sheep; but his young Shire horse took a first prize, he gained second prize with a shorthorn bull, and first and championship with a Dexter. From the time of George III. to the present day, the members of our reigning house have ever shown themselves deeply interested in stockraising and agriculture, and this good example our wealthy landowners have not been slow to follow. Whether agriculture be depressed or not—few can remember it otherwise than down—agricultural shows take place and money is always forthcoming for pedigree stock, which in its turn benefits the small farmer by enabling him, if he will only take trouble, to breed better stock and so obtain a better price in the home or foreign market. The capital sunk in live and dead stock in the Maidstone Showyard represented many thousands of pounds; while the cost of conveying machinery, animals, their attendants and the different appliances to the yard and back is enormous. The constancy with which men who have long been breeders of cattle, sheep and horses cling to the pursuit, and the attraction that breeding presents to others who have amassed wealth by their own exertions, serve to show the extreme vitality of farming in all its branches, though we must confess to a feeling of disappointment at the failure of one department at the Maidstone Show. Kent, as is well known, is a great fruit county, yet to compete for the prizes for packages for the carriage of hard and soft fruit there were but half a dozen entries, three in each class, and it is unsatisfactory to learn that both prizes were withheld in consequence of lack of merit. This emphasises the fact that the foreigner beats us out of court in packing, his eggs, butter, fruit and poultry being put up for transit in far better style than ours, though they have to be conveyed on comparatively short journeys only. Then again no entry was received for three classes for preserved or evaporated fruit and vegetables. This absence from a useful competition appears to suggest that farmers have not as yet, in spite of bitter lessons, realised that their best chance of success lies in all-round business, and that no means should be omitted of turning the nimble ninepence, to which end poultry as an accessory to farming should not be overlooked. The Royal Show is such a vast concern that there is something for every taste; but the occasional gaps prove that there is something yet wanting.

THE CASE OF MR. KIPLING.

AFTER a singularly ill-starred visit to New York, the incidents of which have been brought, even to excess, before the notice of the public, Mr. Rudyard Kipling returns this week to England and to his home. We rejoice to learn that he has recovered his health, and we venture to hope that he will be successful for some time to come in keeping his name and his concerns out of the papers. There has been a little too much about him in the gossiping columns of the lesser press of late for his moral or intellectual health. He has become excessively famous very early in his career, and what he has now to dread is a popular reaction. Danger for him lies now in the foolish praise of his

more illiterate admirers, and no more curious instance of what this class can do in the way of making a fool of a hero can be conceived than a certain volume* of cruddled flattery by a Mr. Monkshood which is now lying on our table.

There is nothing about this volume, except its subject, which entitles it to notice in these columns. As we have read it, we have marvelled again and again that a writer could be found to write a book so extraordinarily insipid, so innocent of the faintest claim upon the attention of the public. The "style" of Mr. Monkshood is the most astounding mixture of violence and feebleness that we have met with. When he wishes to explain that the book called "The Light that Failed" did not at first enjoy an unquestioned success, Mr. Monkshood remarks "A few half-baked people in surprised cities ran up and down whimpering that the thing must be called 'The Book that Failed,' which was a silliness." Why they were not wholly baked, and what it was which had surprised their cities, and why they ran, and why they whimpered, and what was a silliness, it is beyond the power of thought to discover, for these are merely the sloppinesses of undisciplined journealese. But even the rawest office-boy in the employment of the snipetting press might be taught that nobody is allowed, in an "appreciation" of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, to speak of his "rugged, more than ragged, moustache, which a girl has described as being so fearsome a thing that you would have to like the owner very much to let him kiss you." There are depths of vulgarity in the people who write books about other people which no critical plummet has ever sounded.

The book before us is nothing, or less than nothing, although the subject of which it too adventurously attempts to treat is of very remarkable interest. Mr. Monkshood acknowledges that he has been greatly helped, "with suggestions and doings [*sic*]," by the author of "A Farrago of Folly." Mr. Monkshood required no such assistance. We have formed a mistaken estimate of his quality if we are wrong in supposing him quite competent to produce his farrago unaided. Honest enthusiasm we must not deny to him. It is plain that he likes Mr. Kipling's works very much, and finds a pleasure in saying so. Unhappily, there his authority ends. Mr. Monkshood is pleased with everything, from "the large close-cropped head" and "rugged, more than ragged moustache," up to the more intellectual characteristics of his favourite's "gargoyle grotesquerie" and "staccato virility." But of discrimination he does not display a scrap. His method is to enumerate in succession everything which his hero has published, and to sprinkle unmeasured eulogy upon it all, so that at length the deafening, unmodulated howl of praise exasperates the reader. It is as though we were listening to the priests of some savage deity, as they prostrated themselves before his image, and whacked their tom-toms and blew their screaming conchs. We find ourselves hoping that the deity likes the noise, since it certainly gives neither instruction nor pleasure to any other conceivable being.

Unhappily, there is some little reason to fear that this particular deity does enjoy the blare of the conchs. Our instinct would have been to offer our sincere condolence to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, exposed against his will and without his knowledge to all this offensive laudation. But the publishers of this little book print as a preface a letter from Mr. Kipling, and we are bound to confess that this largely withdraws our pity from the illustrious victim. Mr. Kipling has "read your type-written book with a good deal of interest," but, faintly protesting, suggests that it "would be best published after the subject were dead." That is to say, Mr. Kipling likes the praise (Oh, yes! we are afraid he likes it, gross and rancid as it is), but he feels obliged, with his finger to his lip and his eyelids cast down, to suggest that it should be posthumous. Now, if there is one thing which Mr. Kipling is, it is perspicuously intelligent. He must be blinded with vanity indeed if he is not aware that Mr. Monkshood, with all his enthusiasm and his good intentions, is absolutely with-

out skill as a critic. Mr. Kipling has read "with a good deal of interest" a book which no unprejudiced judge of literary merit could possibly applaud. Why has he done so? Because it is full of unstinted, unreflecting, undiluted praise of the entire works of Mr. Kipling.

We believe that the moment has arrived when those who are the friends of the genius of Mr. Kipling (and we are among the most ardent of these, within the limits of good sense) should endeavour to awaken him to a sense of his position. It is for this reason that we have taken as our text to-day a very foolish little book which would not on its own merits detain us. Nor would we strain to any priggish excess the fact that Mr. Kipling has written a civil note to the writer of the book. It would have been wiser in him, no doubt, to have brought his heel down upon the thing in its "type-written" or chrysalis state, but, after all, a busy man is always inclined to be good-natured. It is more a certain tone of complaisance in Mr. Kipling's recent utterances than any civility to one particular admirer, that inspires us with a wish to have a few words in the gate with our celebrated youthful genius. We will preface our words of warning with a compliment which is fully deserved. When we consider Mr. Kipling's youthfulness, his isolation among the authors of the day, and the extraordinary exaggeration of praise trumpeted at him from every corner of the globe, the modesty and good sense with which he has borne himself are remarkable.

But if these are to last, Mr. Kipling must hold himself well in hand. No one now before the world is in a position more perilous. It is depressing to be underestimated, and may even have a baleful effect upon the temper. But to be overestimated is far more dangerous to those qualities which a man needs in the prosecution of his daily work. We shall be asked whether it is true that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been overestimated, and what is our reason for "attacking" him. We have seen this word used half a dozen times within as many months to describe attempts, of a wholly sympathetic character, to discriminate in the praise of Mr. Kipling. We will, therefore—although to "attack" this delightful and even splendid national hero is not within the circle of our thoughts—answer the question in a bold affirmative. Mr. Kipling has been, and now habitually is, overpraised. The language adopted regarding him would be excessive, because unbalanced and irrational, if it were applied to Sir Walter Scott, to Tennyson, to Victor Hugo. Ten years have passed, and no more, since the wonderful boy published "The Story of the Gadsbys," and already he is raised on a pinnacle of golden adoration higher, perhaps, than any author has ever reached in his lifetime. The world grovels at his feet, and those few of us who have kept our heads gaze up into the dim air to see whether the little figure high in the shimmering distance will be able to endure this deification. It is a very dangerous thing to be raised to this height. Let Mr. Kipling beware that he does not "assume the god, affect to nod, and seem to shake the spheres." The temptation to do so is almost irresistible.

Two elements have combined to place the youthful author of "A Fleet in Being" in the extremely exalted position which he holds. One of these, of course, is his own genius—the pungency of his style, the closeness and abundance of his observation, his rich and multifarious imagination. All praise which these qualities secure for him is safe and wholesome; on this side he needs not suspect a straining of the note. But these alone would not account for a quarter of his popularity, and the preponderating element in this is the encouragement his writings have given to a certain national state of mind. All that is utilitarian and materialistic, all that is inimical to thought and favourable to action, all the external rowdiness and latent puritanism with which this century is closing so surprisingly in England, find their exact echo and confirmation in Mr. Kipling's books. We observe that the admirers now claim for their hero that he set all this great imperial machinery in motion; that England was lying spell-bound, when the majestic genius of Kipling brooded over the deep, and called forth the forces which ran, throbbing with life, to the extremities of the Seven Seas. But this is to exaggerate

* "Rudyard Kipling." By G. F. Monkshood. London: Greening. 1899.

the function of an author. The greatest poet does not start a national movement; the most that he can do is to identify himself with it, and to speed it smoothly on its way. That we cannot deny that Mr. Kipling has done.

But what will be Mr. Kipling's position when this fit of popular materialism has played itself out? We are sure of one thing; the very adorers of to-day will be the first to turn upon their image and pelt it with stones. Public taste will change, but Mr. Kipling is far too deeply scored with the characteristics of his talent to change with it. Within certain flexible limits we know now what he will give us. At present, everything tends to the glorification of his strength and to the minimising of his weaknesses. Borne along on the crest of the wave of public satisfaction, he seems to have no defects at all. But he is not that faultless monster which the world ne'er saw, the author equally equipped on all sides. If the fickle public should turn round and demand philosophical reflection from its poets, or tender sentiment, or the symbolism of aerial melancholy, there will be no "Recluse" and no "In Memoriam" and no "Kubla Khan" to be expected from Mr. Kipling. In these and other provinces, much lesser men, with the public at their back, will go far beyond him. These are the reflections which make us tremble for Mr. Kipling in the giddy altitude of his triumphs to-day. He is in danger of "assuming the god," of considering himself above all fear of reverses, of being persuaded by the incense burned before him that he is an impeccable artist. We would, if we could, with his own interest solely before us, recall him to a sense of his mortality, "lest he forget—lest he forget" that there are other men than he in the world, and other manners.

UNIVERSITY CRICKET.

THE relative merits of the Oxford and Cambridge elevens cannot, unless one side is almost a class the better, be fairly estimated by comparing the results of the trial matches. Even if both teams met the same adversaries under the same conditions there would be no reliable indication. In cricket there are so many combinations and permutations that two sides must meet before their true relation can be gauged. Surrey may beat Lancashire and Essex; those two counties may beat Yorkshire; yet Yorkshire may then prove greatly superior to Surrey. But apart from that consideration, the Inter-Varsity match is quite different from those played between the Varsity elevens and counties or conglomerate sides. At Lord's the game is played at the highest possible tension. An eleven that does excellently in an ordinary match often fails to do itself justice in the anxiety and excitement of the critical occasion. The corporate nerve of a cricket team is a curious quality. In an eleven that has not been put to the test it may or may not be present. Yet nothing is more important in the Inter-Varsity match. Sometimes a moderate side rises far above itself under stress of excitement; sometimes a strong side forgets for the nonce how to use its strength. An upset happens so easily. A bad start, two or three good batsmen out unluckily, the failure of a man regarded as a mainstay—and the match takes a most unexpected turn. Often one side, rather by luck than skill, gets on top at the very commencement and never looks back. Then, again, Lord's is a peculiar ground. The wickets always have a little more pace and fire than others: certainly they differ completely from those in the Parks and at Fenner's. The Lord's wicket gives a bowler an extra bit in hand and takes the same from the batsman. A bowler who is comparatively harmless elsewhere may prove quite deadly there. So it is impossible to be sure of the bowling virtues of the elevens till the match is played. A despised change-bowler often wins the game. This applies in an almost equal degree to the batting. In the first place batsmen who can score easily at Fenner's or in the Parks often find Lord's not at all to their liking. That spark of fire in the ground makes so much difference. Secondly the bowling they meet in the Inter-Varsity match differs considerably from any that they play in the trial games. Though Varsity bowling is generally much underrated

by the critics, and though both the Lord's wicket and the stress of the occasion increase the actual merits of the bowlers, Varsity batsmen after all meet as a rule easier stuff at Lord's than in any other match. At best the bowling is of the "good amateur" order. Such first-rate men as Mr. S. M. J. Woods, Mr. C. M. Wells, or Mr. F. S. Jackson are the exceptions. Now it is a well-known fact that there are a large number of batsmen who are able and dangerous scorers against any but first-rate bowling. We all know the man who can score thousands, literally, in second-class cricket but who fails altogether in county matches. It often happens that a batsman of this sort scores highly at Lord's against Varsity bowlers after a very moderate career in the trial matches against the first-rate professionals he has come across. That is the reason why it is so hard to pick the right men for a Varsity team. The data for choice are absent. The man who gets an average of twenty against the professionals in the trial games is not necessarily for the purpose in hand equal to one who gets an average of five. This applies in extenso to a whole side. Hence it often happens from a variety of causes that the result of the Inter-Varsity match is a great surprise.

This year both Varsity elevens are good. The batting in each case is strong, the fielding up to the best standard and the bowling of about the usual class. Perhaps the Cambridge batting side is the more dashing and brilliant and as such capable of a more striking performance in run-getting. But Oxford is a well-balanced eleven; probably the sounder side of the two. Cambridge might make a big score against any bowling in the world. Oxford is safer perhaps for a good score against Cambridge than Cambridge is against Oxford. Cambridge might win by an innings if things went well. On the other hand Oxford might very well win by two or three wickets.

In bowling Cambridge has the advantage of possessing the most dangerous bowler engaged in the match. Mr. Jessop may bowl Oxford out for a comparatively small score. At the same time he is not a certainty, as Mr. Woods used to be. He is fast, bowls well at Lord's and is sure to do no end of damage if the wicket crumbles at all. Still he is not a "Sammy" Woods and the Oxford men play fast bowling well. Though not quite so likely to do a phenomenal performance Mr. Bosanquet of Oxford is not to be despised. He keeps a good length with strong pace, is liable to bump and has a somewhat puzzling flight. After the two fast bowlers, Oxford has a slight advantage. Mr. Stocks is on his day a better left-hand bowler than Mr. Hinde. Mr. Knox, who is almost sure to get his Blue, will not improbably do more execution with his slow, spinning leg-breaks than Mr. Winter with his lobbs. The other bowlers are about equal. But it will be remembered that Mr. Lee of Oxford did very well last year.

In the field both sides are good—Oxford perhaps is the more brilliant. In the opinion of many there has never been a better set of fielders at either Varsity. If the Oxford eleven is really much superior in this respect, it is a very telling point in its favour. Both wicket-keepers are above the average. Mr. Taylor proved his worth last year. Mr. Martyn, who now plays for the first time for Oxford, is much above the average. He is quite safe and quick; very clever at taking leg balls, and a beautiful catcher.

To return to the batting. This was a great year for Freshmen at Cambridge. Mr. Jessop said at the beginning of the season:—"They are too good; they can all get hundreds." Certainly in Messrs. Day and Wilson Cambridge has the cream of last year's Public School cricket. Mr. Day has shown himself by his play for Kent to be a first-class bat. He is, perhaps, the best bat on the Cambridge side. Whether or not he does well this year, he will with experience and trouble become some day one of the four or five best batsmen in England. Mr. Wilson besides other good innings has scored one excellent century. Mr. Moon by making 138 against the Australians proved that his promise is being fulfilled. He is a fine bat. Mr. Stogden is a steady, reliable player who supplies a little stiffening to the side. Mr. Taylor made runs in the last Inter-Varsity match, and has distinguished himself this year by a century against the Australians. Mr.

Winter is a dangerous slashing hitter. Then to crown all there is Mr. Jessop, who we all know may do or undo anything. His inclusion in the England side at Lord's was a success. He is equally likely to create unforeseen circumstances in the Inter-Varsity match.

Mr. Champain, the Oxford Captain, is a splendid quick-scoring bat with experience and nerve. He has made 120 against the Australians this year, and is of the sort that makes centuries at Lord's: a very dangerous player. Mr. R. E. Foster is another free scorer who may quite upset the Cambridge attack. Mr. Eccles, the hero of a century in the last encounter, is a beautiful bat. Mr. L. P. Collins is, perhaps the soundest man in the eleven. He has scored consistently, and is nearly sure to make runs at Lord's. It is to be hoped he will refrain from growing rash, as he usually does after making 30 or 40, when set he goes for the off-ball too much. Mr. Lee is a good bat who is not upset by nervousness. Mr. Pilkington is a typical Etonian with a nice style. He cuts and off-drives well and is a very good player on a fast wicket. Messrs. Hollins and Morris are capable run-getters. The Oxford eleven is not yet made up. Perhaps Mr. Wright, an Old Blue, will play. Probably, however, Mr. Knox will be chosen and the last place given either to Mr. Morris or Mr. Hollins.

It is a well-known fact that nowhere does winning the toss mean as much as at Lord's. As aforesaid, the wicket very often fails to stand the wear and tear of three innings and favours the bowlers greatly in the fourth. To go in to get 200 to win is at Lord's a big task. Moreover the out-fielding at Lord's is very tiring; the ground is baked and hard; running about upon it is tiring and jarring and very rough on the feet. The side that wins the toss probably gets out about five o'clock and has a nice chance of settling the game in the remaining hour and a half of play.

However this may be, the Inter-Varsity match is one to which all cricketers look forward. Apart from the Oxford and Cambridge interest there is something very attractive, these days of championships and leagues, in a match that is played for its own final sake. Varsity cricket is the most enjoyable the game affords. No one who has shared in it can look back upon days in the Parks or at Fenner's or "on tour" without a feeling of regret that they are gone for ever.

MR. ELGAR AND OTHERS.

IN the first excess of jubilation over the discovery of a fresh English composer of talent we critics are more than a little apt to indulge in an excess of praise. Though the popular view of us is that we are a set of surly musical failures, keenly anxious to find fault with the work of successful men, in truth there is not, and never was, a set of men more liable to go wrong in the direction of overpraise. Our life is made such a burden by the quantities of bad music vindictive composers compel us to hear (out of sheer hatred of mankind and human joy) that when a man of ever so small a degree of genius comes along we, figuratively, throw our hats to the ceiling of St. James's Hall and halloo for delight. It is time for us to become careful. Germany in its palmiest days never had half a dozen geniuses of the first order at one time; and it is hard to believe that England has made such enormous progress during the last ten years that it has already beaten Germany. Yet if all we say of Delius and de Lara, MacCunn and Edward German and, last, Elgar, is true, it would seem that we are soon to have quite a slump in English musical genius. We must become a trifle more guarded in our language. Let us be thankful that our country is producing such men; but we must not let our gratitude lead us to make our heroes ridiculous by praising them for gifts which they do not possess, for work which they have not yet achieved. So much by way of warning to my fellow-critics; as for the public, I would advise it by all means to hear the music of the men we have "written up," but to hear it with their ears open and their minds open. Mr. Delius is a highly gifted musician, but he has not yet written a Pathetic symphony or a "Lohengrin;" neither has Mr. de Lara written a "Lohengrin" though

he has proved himself a musical dramatist of quite extraordinary powers; while so far Mr. MacCunn and Mr. German have written no music to compare with the music of de Lara and Delius. With regard to Mr. Elgar, I cannot speak so definitely; not a great deal of his music is known to me—one or two songs, a cantata, and a Theme with Variations played by Richter on Monday night. But what I know I intend to criticise, not to praise.

As he appears in this music Mr. Elgar is the most purely English composer we have produced in modern days. Delius has been influenced enormously by later French and German composers, and de Lara by Italian and French composers; while Mr. German and Mr. MacCunn have not as yet emerged from the German style of the seventies. Mr. Elgar's music is English—English faintly flavoured with German; and he has admired, and in a very small degree imitated, the industry and energy of Sir Hubert Parry. Though I love not the music of Parry, this much must at any rate be counted unto him for righteousness. Parry's music also is English; but when one looks at it one perceives the English to lie mainly on the surface, while under the surface there is a great deal of stolid German workmanship. Mr. Elgar's music is penetrated with English feeling of quite a fine sort. There is no affectation of the bluff English heartiness which is supposed to be a principal characteristic of the English squire; his themes are not intended to remind one of the "sea dogs of the days of Elizabeth" nor of such stupid tunes as "A fine old English gentleman." Mr. Elgar has sought to express the feeling of the Englishman with a not totally undeveloped brain. The theme of his Variations, for example, is not aggressively, ostentatiously, English; but one feels the presence of an English element in it, and that element appears with greater clearness in the variations themselves. So far so good; though to me, I own, this question of nationality is not of the last importance in young composers. Whatever feeling they possess will find expression so soon as they are masters of expression in music; and if they are English they will then express English feeling. At the beginning by far a more important thing is that they should be masters, or be on the road to a mastery, of expression in music. This is the consideration which makes one proud of such men as MacCunn, German, Delius, de Lara, and Elgar. They are all a shorter or longer distance on the way to a mastery of the language of their art. The taking of this high road is precisely what our native composers have carefully refrained from doing until quite recently. They have written oratorios in imitation of Handel's and of Mendelssohn's; they have never said: music shall be for us a mode of self-expression; we will no longer trade in plaster-casts of the accredited masterpieces; we will say what is in us in the best way we can, as truthfully and logically as we can. The younger men have said this, or, at all events, they have decided to practise it; and that is an enormous step in the history of English music. Better still, they have succeeded to a certain extent in expressing themselves; and if the results have not yet been world-shaking, it must be remembered that it is given to few to succeed all at once; and that, given the determination, someone will succeed some day. A man may fail either from lack of something to say or want of skill to fulfil his intention of saying it. The latter may be remedied; but never the former. Our men have failed chiefly for want of something to say. It is this that makes one feel angry with their illiteracy and ignorance of life. From life, or failing that, from books, they might get suggestions which would set their brains and hearts working, and result in music which would be valuable, original, their own—music in which one would meet personalities not known in music before. At any rate, our men have now determined that self-expression is the thing; and that is, I say, the most important thing that has happened in English music for goodness knows how many years. Technically, also, the younger men are well equipped. If anyone ever looked at a score of the late eminent Macfarren (no one ever does) he would blush to see the weakness, the incompetency, the fatuity, that parades itself as mastery and "learning." The late eminent Ouseley wrote a book on musical form, and he gave in

it a sonata of his own making to show how a sonata should be written. If there were an Ouseley alive nowadays he would be ashamed to write such twaddle, or at least to publish it. So far as concerns a mastery of counterpoint, our MacCunns and Germans can beat off the heads of the older men, who never got beyond the elements of counterpoint, and misunderstood those. And our superior men, such as Delius, de Lara and Elgar, have got to the pitch of thinking in music—not working it out painfully on paper, as if it were a mathematical problem—which is a thing the older English musicians never dreamed of, nor indeed would have countenanced in their disciples. Mr. Elgar, technically, is as well prepared as any musician now working. While his variations were being played I had no agonising sense that some of the parts had been lost or given to the wrong bandsmen; the music walked along firmly on its feet with no faintest suspicion of faltering; every part went its own definite way. The result was a continuous stream of rich, full-voiced music. I will not discuss the variations in detail—no useful purpose would be served, and I am determined to be useful to-day. But one thing it may be permitted me to do—to warn Mr. Elgar against strolling into Schumannesque blind-alleys. When speaking of these variations he said that “over the whole set another and larger theme ‘goes,’ but is not played.” I hope he will excuse my calling this kind of talk blatherskite. Nothing “goes” in a piece of music that the auditors cannot hear; nor can any private associations of Mr. Elgar alter the value of the music. If Mr. Elgar slipped on a piece of orange-peel and broke his leg, he would never peel an orange again without painful emotions. But to present someone with a piece of orange-peel would not communicate to that person Mr. Elgar’s emotions, the “larger theme” that would “go” with it for himself. It must be added that at Monday’s concert Richter played Mr. Elgar’s music finely, with infinite delicacy and force where force was needed. He also played a legend for orchestra by Svendsen, which was like all Svendsen’s music—pretty, a trifle pretentious, and entirely without depth and all but entirely without intelligence.

It is good that Mr. Elgar should have got his piece played by Richter; but it would be better if he had Mr. de Lara’s luck—luck which has been honestly worked for—and could get an opera sung at Covent Garden. Though I am a vigorous reactionary against the Wagnerian notion that no good music can now be written save in the music-drama form, yet I cannot help seeing that for some years to come the best music will be written by Englishmen in the music-drama form, and this for the wholly practical reason that whereas the writing of symphonies virtually necessitates the invention of new forms, the men who write music-drama will find plenty of fresh subjects ready to be treated in a form which is not yet fully matured and only wants maturing. There is another practical reason: whereas no composer can live by symphonies, as soon as Parliament has voted a million for a site for our National opera-house, and money has been found to build and run it, a composer who writes a successful opera will at least make money enough to enable him to sit down and write a work that will fail. That is an exhilarating prospect. With it in view our composers should devote themselves to opera, even if Covent Garden is the best they can hope for immediately. If someone writes another “Tristan” and someone else tells the Covent Garden management it is a masterpiece, without doubt Covent Garden will produce it, of course after a decent lapse of time—a period long enough to allow the composer to die respectably of starvation. Mr. de Lara probably would not have chosen to die of starvation, even if Covent Garden had left his opera alone. Nevertheless, he is a lucky man. It is said, rightly or wrongly, that his luck has caused an amount of heart-burning “in certain quarters.” I hope this is not true; but I must say that Covent Garden, having determined to produce “Messaline,” might have done the handsome thing and mounted an opera or two by some other of our composers. Much of Dr. Stanford’s music is poor; but who will deny that “The Veiled Prophet” contains some very good stuff? The story wants retelling:

that is all that is necessary to make a popular opera of it. Sir Alexander Mackenzie seems to have quite given up writing fine music; but that does not alter the fact of his having written two singularly beautiful operas, “Colomba” and “The Troubador.” If the librettos of these were put into some sort of shape by a dramatically inclined person with a mastery of the language which the late Mr. Hueffer never attained to, it would pay Covent Garden to produce either or both of them. Or even if they did not pay, should the Grand Opera Syndicate ever collapse ingloriously at all events the obituaries would be respectful. We would be able to point out that the deceased did its best, according to the light of its critics, for English music.

J. F. R.

TURNER AT THE GUILDHALL: A REVERIE.

THE ideals that excite humanity, even to the gravest and most universal, are victims of fashion. What the moralist writes up as eternal and co-equal principles cease for periods, though he will shrink from the admission, to amuse a community, and Justice will give place to a machinery worked with a grudge, Pity become an affectation of ancestors read about in books, Gaiety a queer custom among foreigners, Wickedness a tiresome and incomprehensible freak. The virtues and vices must fight for their turn on the scene; Melancholy is the favourite pastime of one age, Honesty the entertainment of another, Patriotism the adored clown of a third. Beauty and Laughter may have to be tended by sects of grim fanatics, while a tyrannical virtue or grimace is the fashion of the world, and the secret of the most ordinary affections must be guarded by hypocrisy lest it be forgotten.

The keys of knowledge are no less easily mislaid than the frivolous fires of zeal are damped. Any certainty in mathematics higher than that two and two make four depends on the word of a small body of men who do not necessarily propagate their kind. One man may reach a pitch of speculation or demonstration where no other will ever have the faculty to follow him, like a discoverer planting an unsustained flag on an island or Fashoda. An influenza might sweep away the tiny company in whose heads a science exists, and a spell of heat or cold, a religion, or a sudden passion for play blight learning like a garden.

If the most venerable virtues, the most redoubtable vices, the most solid sciences have so fluctuating a hold on man’s attention, so insecure a tenure in his faculties, how precarious is the life of art, occupied by its nature with what amuses the mind, bound up with the keen spirit of delight, dependent on an undisturbed mood in its creator, a fixed dream, an ardent absence of mind, if mind means a just balance of interest in all that is important! Masterpieces of the past have no fixed and assured life, though we pretend they have for fear of consequences. They swim up from time to time with the damages of neglect and oblivion written upon them, they sun themselves in a little treacherous revival of esteem, and only a ring of pedants, like the hypocrite protectors of morals, preserves some fraction from being cast out to rain, to fire or to decoration. Man is bored by one masterpiece when he is impassioned by another.

Above all how hard for the individual artist to keep his genius. He becomes bored by that. He was constructed to be effective at one point, there to command his forces harmoniously, and triumphantly flame at the focus of the time’s pleasure, and he is tired of the pleasure before the rest catch fire. Greatness is one room in a man’s house, the house is many-roomed and rambling, and he passes in and out of greatness as that room is habitable to him or not. Ennui may drive him from it, a death shut it up, the stair become too steep, the way be forgotten, or a caprice send him elsewhere. He who was to be seen in the throne-room of his faculties, dispensing laws for the world, may end playing with straw in some outhouse of his senses, or may return one day to beg at his own door. But no such decay or violent change is needed to ungear genius. We are loth to allow how delicate is the balance that makes work strong and central, by how tiny a deflection of the steering hand, how small an

excursion of whim or curiosity, the track may be lost. A little change in the weather of the mind will make the old growths impossible, and call up weeds and rank extravagant flowers from fallows. Coleridge was an exquisite poet for a few years, an eminent owl for a lifetime.

The Turner exhibition at the Guildhall points this truth with startling force. On one wall we see a painter who for some years of his life was surely one of the greatest who ever lived, on the other wall we see him become, by a series of little changes of interest, an eccentric, in a climax of flimsy form and gaudy extravagance of colour. In the work of the surest genius are to be found moments where the flighty or showy or merely dull gets the upper hand. Rembrandt himself had such moments that might have been the starting point of woeful developments, and in his early years at Amsterdam there was a suspicion of the shop about his portraits; but the grave inspiration welled up again and the flood went on past those backwaters. Turner's career is less consistent. In pictures like the "Kilgaron Castle," the "Fishermen on a Leeshore" and a dozen others at the Guildhall and National Gallery he paints mountain and sea as Rembrandt humanity, with the same sculpturesque solidity, the same wary, infinitely flexible hand for form, so that the eye is surprised and satisfied by every touch, the same rich beautiful pastes of paint fluid or "short" as the texture of things demands, the same infinity in simplicity so that you can watch the elusive pattern in the coiling of his waves close like a tune and yet escape like moving nature, even as one can watch for a morning the growing of a feature out of a face in Rembrandt's portraits. Turner paints the side of a ship or a hill as Rembrandt the face of a man, and gives them above all that aspect of drama, of long-suffering, of much-living under a majestic benediction of light. His invention of waves, his wreathing of a sculpture out of the waste wrath and torment of the sea, is surely one of the greatest triumphs of painting. That leap from the machine-made waves of the Dutch to such whelming and majestic creatures is unsurpassed, and the curiosities of translucency, pitch of lighting, foam-lace and the rest, elaborated since, leave the wave of Turner supreme.

Yet all this splendid art evaporated into the thin glister and petty colour incidents of the "Marriage of the Adriatic." All was not decay and the pursuit of trifling curiosities in this decline. There was something of sublime in the very abandonment of the art of the picture, in the pursuit of light. But with that went a less worthy corruption of the early habit of vision. We see him pause longer on little incidents, and frame small Book of Beauty vignettes out of each group on his canvas. Then too the wistful hankering of the barber's son for the elegant side of life in which he had no part invades his painting, and the imagination that could cope with mountains and seas becomes a fancy meddling awkwardly with humanity. All that was common in Turner's taste mixed with what was unheard of in his sensibility to make the final strange amalgam.

But Turner's career not only exhibits the instability of an individual artist, it exhibits the root of instability in modern art. Modern art is private art, not a public oration but a conversation among a limited number of people. Count Tolstoy and those who think with him are extremely angry that this should be so; they are of the strange opinion that no one ought to say anything that an uneducated peasant could not understand. It would be absurd to discuss such an opinion, but his enumeration of the obscurities and perversities, the whimsical limitations of matter and form in modern poetry, throws into relief the privacy of the most characteristic art of the time, an art sometimes so highly sophisticated that the existence of a single auditor to the poet's soliloquy is problematical. Anyone who has reflected with curiosity on the powers and obstacles of language can very well understand how a Mallarmé came to write as he did; but no Mallarmé can expect his writing to be intelligible to more than a doubtful one or two. When we recognise this, complaint and condemnation become stupid, either of the writer that he is not understood, or of the reader that the writer is

not intelligible, unless it be the duty of every man who prints to be always and everywhere comprehended. Private literature is no new thing, though it is convenient to call its development modern. In painting the passage from ancient to modern is measured by the relaxed strength of the element of *commission*, of what the client commanded and might expect to find plain. As far back as Rembrandt we find the client's, the public claim losing hold on the painter, and his private interest gaining. In Turner the tendency proclaims itself more extravagantly. What was with Vandevelde the commissioned portrait of a warship passes over into the free picture of the sea, the topographer's portrait of a place passes over into free landscape. Portrait goes out and Effect comes in. The successors of Turner have carried further this pursuit of an individual interest, and by the absence of a patron, a subject commanded, a public to be convinced, and by its own shifty holiday nature their art lives a moody and precarious life.

D. S. M.

NO COMMON DENOMINATOR.

IT must be because we live in a labour-saving age that we English are now so keen to welcome Americans both off and on the stage. They are as foreign to us (and, therefore, as surprising, amusing and instructive) as Italians or even Hottentots; yet can we study them and understand them without the galling necessity of either learning a new language or trusting to a tedious interpreter. The very fact that they use practically the same language as we use makes their contrast the more piquant, makes them the less resistible. As men and women, they see things from a standpoint antipolar to our own, yet from one which is near and clear to our vision. As mimes, they display to us an entirely new method, which we can yet appreciate and enjoy without laboriously broadening our minds. As playwrights, they have just begun to develop a national drama quite unlike ours and yet quite easily intelligible to us. "The Cowboy and the Lady" was a very fair specimen of that drama, but unfortunately it did not give Mr. Nat Goodwin a chance of showing how very well he could act, and so it has been withdrawn. "An American Citizen" is its substitute. The exchange is good inasmuch as we certainly do see Mr. Goodwin to far greater advantage. But there is really no comparison between the two plays. The first was a racy piece of work, done by an accomplished hand. It was trivial enough, I admit; but it was amusing, ingenious and, above all, indigenous. The second is a complicated, sprawling, inchoate concern, in which farce (good of its kind) and sentiment (bad of its kind) are alternated as abruptly and clumsily as melodrama and comedy were deftly mingled in "The Cowboy and the Lady." The play, moreover, has (except the slang in its dialogue) no racial character: it might have been written by any of our own playwrights. I do not know whether the author, Mrs. Ryley, is an American. American or English, she is a very crude dramatist. But perhaps I am applying too stern a standard? The programme tells me that her play was written specially for Mr. Goodwin; and, since she has given Mr. Goodwin a part which really is (so far as any part in a bad play can be) effective, perhaps I ought not to decry her talents. In any case, I hasten to assure my readers that they should see the play, in order that they may see Mr. Goodwin in it. Mr. Goodwin is an American of the Americans, and a comedian of the comedians. He has, too, a strain of real poetry in him, whereby on the first night, he was enabled to dignify and save one of the silliest fourth acts ever written. He is irresistible, and reconciles one to "most anything." Miss Maxine Elliott played the chief woman's part with charm and distinction, and was especially helpful to Mr. Goodwin in his salvage of the last act.

Last week, Mr. Murray Carson was playing at Kennington in Bulwer's "Richelieu." I had never seen the play before, and was highly entertained by it. In its way, it is, indeed, tremendously effective. Of course it is nothing but bombast. But then, Bulwer was naturally bombastic. He was sincere in the bombastic method of his day. It is because Mr. Grundy and Mr. Rose

are not sincere in that method, and assume it only in order to comply with what they take to be the demands of a passing (or rather, thank Heaven! past) romantic boom, that their stage-romances do so insufferably depress and fatigue me. From Bulwer one gets the real thing. And in Mr. Murray Carson one finds perhaps the only young actor of any distinction who can render it at all decently. The modern school of acting is a school for subtlety and delicacy and fine shades—things which are quite fatal to bombastic plays. The average modern actor, trying to be bombastic, is a melancholy sight indeed. His whole training handicaps him. Moreover, he is obviously ashamed of himself and his performance, and his embarrassment embarrasses us. But Mr. Carson is an exception. Albeit young, he has many of the attributes of the old school—an ornate manner, massive gestures and postures, rapidity of "attack," strength and staying power, and, above all, a deep and elaborately-managed voice. All these attributes he uses to the utmost. He plunges unabashed, and grips without flinching, and expands, and resounds, and reverberates. He was, therefore, a most admirable Richelieu. I am sure that the shade of Bulwer must, at every point in his performance, have been clapping its noiseless hands in one of the stage-boxes. I myself, when Richelieu threatened to "launch the curse of Rome" on the head of his ward's persecutor, so far forgot my duty as to applaud a little.

This week, I went again to Kennington, for it is there that Mrs. Campbell has produced Professor Murray's "Carlyon Sahib." I hope that I shall be able to revisit the play at one of the more adjacent theatres; but I doubt whether my hope will be realised. "Grierson's Way" and the "Heather Field" were given but one fleeting matinée apiece; and the presumption is that for modern tragedy there is little or no market in the metropolis. "Carlyon Sahib" is an essay in modern tragedy. The dramatic critics—that mysterious galaxy which I am so often compelled to criticise unfavourably—have been condemning it as "morbid," "dreary," "unworthy" and so forth. For my own part, though I love comedy better than tragedy, I cannot see why the dramatic critics should be exasperated, as they are, whenever they come across a playwright who treats modern life from a standpoint not comical, farcical or melodramatic. A Shakespearian tragedy does not make them angry, though Shakespeare was far more "morbid" than any writer in our day. Nor do they launch the curse of Fleet Street when a living dramatist writes a tragedy of some bygone time. So long as his figures wear tights or chain-armour, and talk in iambic metre, a dramatist may be as tragic (and as morbid) as he likes. Woe betide him, however, if his figures dress and talk like real, live, modern men and women! Why? Merely because the dramatic critics (and the public, whose mouthpiece they are) have not enough æsthetic sense to differentiate between art and life. So soon as modern life is realistically depicted on the stage, they are reminded of themselves and of their own private affairs. If the realistic presentment be of a pleasant kind, they feel personally cheerful. If it be unpleasant—tragic, in fact—they become personally uncomfortable. They are thinking, all the time, "How awful! Suppose that were to happen to me! I do hope I shall never be mixed up in an affair of this sort!" Or it reminds them of some tragedy which has actually occurred in their own lives, or in the lives of those who are dear to them—"poor old Jack" or "poor little Jill." Of course they do not realise that it is for this reason that they detest the play. They imagine that their objections are based on æsthetic grounds, and their prattle about the "sanity of art" is perfectly sincere. They cannot see that what is unpleasant is not necessarily unwholesome, and that the fault, lies, not in the work, but in their own too sensitive egoism. So they continue, and will continue, to howl at tragedies of modern life; and "Carlyon Sahib," in which one of the principal characters suffers from brain-disease, is howled at (despite the patient's ultimate recovery) because nobody would like to find that he himself had brain-disease, curable or otherwise. For my part, I enjoyed "Carlyon Sahib" be-

cause it is a well-written and well-constructed play, with an interesting theme. It is, I think, the first play in which we have had the problem of the great man's right to override, for the good of his country, the ordinary laws of humanity. Not that it is a problem-play! I wish it were more so. The problem is there, but it is only suggested. The great man of action, the overrider, is there, and his antagonist, the theoretic moralist, is there, too; but though his is the title-rôle, he is not really the central figure of the play. The central figure is that of a young girl, his daughter. I would have preferred the essential conflict to be between Carlyon and the doctrinaire, and to be waged on the ground of their temperamental differences. As the play is written, the conflict is between father and daughter, on the ground of certain external and not essential circumstances. However, I do not grumble. The play is very strong, very dramatic. I shall watch the Professor's career with very real interest.

Mrs. Campbell played the daughter's part not only with that sense of beauty which she brings to all her impersonations, but with an alert and strenuous power which, sometimes and, as it were, deliberately, she has withheld from them. Mr. Nutcombe Gould is not well-suited as Carlyon, a man who should give like "Burly" the "impression of a grosser mass of character than most men." Mr. Gould is too urbane, too polished, too pleasant, for the part.

In another column will be found an interesting letter over the signature "M. B." From a hurried glimpse at it, I gather that the writer, not content with the theft of my initials, has scored off me rather heavily. At least, I seem to stand convicted of insular prejudice—convicted gently, indeed, but firmly, and with chapter and verse. I wish I had time and space to defend myself forthwith. For, though I concede that to a Frenchman, and to his equivalent, French words must suggest more than to me, "I maintain and I shall" that the French language, in its keen, quick, clean precision, must be less apt a means to the conjuring of "purple shadows" than is this darker, slower, more massive language of ours. MAX.

FINANCE.

THE stock markets have experienced a wave of depression during the week, several adverse influences acting upon a position already disposed to weakness by the uncertainty of the South African situation. Last week the South African section showed a noticeable resistance under the circumstances to bear attacks and the fall in prices was comparatively moderate. Paris, in fact, more hopeful as to a satisfactory outcome of the Transvaal difficulty than London, purchased a not insignificant amount of South African gold shares. But the failure of the French ministerial crisis to resolve itself caused Paris in its turn to become nervous and the weakness of copper shares, combined with the tentative proposals of the Spanish Minister of Finance with respect to the taxation of the External Debt, led Paris operators to lighten their commitments, and it is said that during the week many thousands of South African gold shares have been sold in London on Paris account. Paris supports almost alone the burden of the Spanish debt and a heavy fall in Spanish Fours would have most serious consequences in the French capital. At critical moments, therefore, there is always a tendency on the part of French operators to lighten their ship by throwing overboard less important securities. London, however, seems to have absorbed without much difficulty the immense number of shares sent here for sale, and although on the week prices have further fallen, the decline must have been much greater had there not been persistent and powerful buying on this side of the Channel. The other markets have been depressed partly in sympathy with South African and copper shares, but mainly owing to renewed fears of imminent changes in the monetary position. In view of the continued outflow of gold from New York and the fact that the trade balance in favour of the United States has been practically wiped out by the export of

American securities from Europe, it would have seemed natural that on this side of the Atlantic monetary ease should have prevailed, and it seems to us that far too much has been made of the recent rise in the value of money in Berlin, the demand for money in that capital at the end of June being quite normal. On Thursday the publication of a favourable Bank return and the news of the successful formation of a powerful Ministry by M. Waldeck-Rousseau caused the tide to turn, and a more hopeful feeling generally prevailed. But the markets are extremely sensitive and until Transvaal affairs are in a more satisfactory position alternations of hope and fear must rapidly succeed each other.

Without doubt the favourable Bank return on Thursday had no small effect in inducing the recovery in the stock markets on that day, and it had the more influence because it is now known that the Directors of the Bank are taking steps to attract gold by offering a higher price than they have lately been disposed to give, that is to say more than 77s. 9d. per ounce. Already several parcels of gold have been received, the total influx on balance during the week having been £264,000, and £342,000 more being received on Thursday. There has been a good deal of uneasiness in the City of late with regard to the low figure at which the reserve of the Bank of England now stands, and this uneasiness has had its effect on the stock markets, for the reason that in case of serious difficulties with the Transvaal money might become very tight. These fears were no doubt exaggerated, seeing that New York, instead of being able to take gold, is sending it to Europe, but the action of the Directors of the Bank will restore that confidence which is as the breath of life to our modern commercial system, of which the circulating medium is so largely based on credit. On Thursday the reserve stood at close upon £21,000,000, an increase of £448,000 on last week, but still more than £7,000,000 below the figure at which it stood on the corresponding date of last year. The ratio of reserve to liabilities is now 42½ per cent., as against 41½ per cent. last week, and 49½ per cent. last year. There is still therefore room for a considerable improvement in the Bank's position, although no one will maintain that it is necessary for the reserve to stand as high at the present time as it did during the very troublous times of 1898. Discount rates remain firm, but since the publication of the Bank return there has been a rather greater demand for bills. Next week the Stock Exchange Settlement requirements may cause some hardening of the rates for money and the joint stock banks will also want their usual monthly balance-sheets to look well, but after the turn of the month a further period of ease may be considered certain.

After an acute spasm of alarm Paris seems to have decided with some reason that the proposed tax upon the Spanish External Debt need not be considered so alarming after all, for if the tax amounts to 1 per cent., leaving 3 per cent. to be paid, the yield at the present price of about 61 is nearly 5 per cent. Further consolation has also been obtained from the suggestion that the Spanish Government may be persuaded to fund the tax. With regard to the further questions whether Spain will be able to maintain even this reduced distribution for the next two or three years to come opinions must differ according as it is believed possible for her finances to be radically reorganised or not. With a prospective revenue increased by new taxation amounting at the utmost to £35,000,000 and charges on her various external, internal, Cuban, Philippine and floating debts, amounting to at least £22,000,000 or £23,000,000 a year, the outlook cannot be called hopeful. Nevertheless the optimists have certain solid facts upon which they base their views. They point out that Spain has received £4,000,000 from the United States as compensation for the loss of the Philippines, a sum which is sufficient to wipe out one-half of the debt of those islands. Further the loss of the Philippines and of Cuba must enormously diminish the nation's military and administrative expenditure. The destruction of the Spanish fleet has removed another burden, for it is not likely that it will be replaced in the near future.

And most important of all, some of them say, the loss of the colonies and of the fleet diminishes in a very important degree the opportunities for speculation which in the past the administrative and military officials freely availed themselves of to grow quickly rich. Finally, no one disputes that Spain is a rich and fertile country which would be prosperous if it were properly governed and its finances honestly administered. But it is precisely the apparent impossibility of this happy state ever being reached which makes the pessimists despair. Corruption has entered into the very soul of the Spaniard from the highest posts in the administration to the humblest alguacil, and if the Spanish Treasury is not despoiled in one way, some other way, say the pessimists, will be found. If the Paris financiers who are so heavily committed to the support of Spain could persuade her Government to consent to the appointment of a commission to take over the control of her finances, on the model of that which is in some degree evolving order out of chaos in Greece, the outlook would be more hopeful and Spain herself would certainly benefit. But a survey of the present position of the Spanish, Italian and French nations gives rise to curious reflections on the future destinies of the Latin races.

The Home Railway market until Thursday was weak in sympathy with other departments, but on that day the greater confidence felt and a batch of fairly satisfactory traffic returns gave rise to a stronger tone. There was some inquiry for North-Western Ordinary, which at 202½ is 3½ below the figure at which it stood after the dividend declaration in February last. The price then reached was, however, the highest since 1897, when it touched 209½, although the dividend for that year was only the same as that of last year and the balance forward very nearly the same. In view of the dividend outlook it will be surprising if this, the premier railway stock of the whole world, does not within the next month again reach 205. Since the beginning of the year the North-Western's traffic receipts show a gross increase of £182,161, and since it is unlikely that the working charges will be much, if any, higher than during the first half of 1898, though increased interest charges may swallow up a large portion of the increased net receipts, a small increase in the dividend is just possible, whilst in any case the balance forward will be considerably larger. In the June half of 1898 the Company, probably protected by its contracts, does not seem to have suffered much, if at all, from the increased cost of coal. Assuming, however, that the progressive increase in expenditure which has characterised the working of the home railways during the past two or three years has ceased and that the proportion of expenditure to receipts is, as in 1898, 58 per cent., there will be an increase in net receipts, after deducting £17,000 for increased interest charges, of more than £50,000, sufficient to increase the dividend on the Ordinary Stock for the half-year by ¼ per cent., which would make the distribution the same as that for the first half of 1897. From these figures it seems probable that North-Western Ordinary Stock, given steady markets, should soon go higher than its present price.

The position in the Kaffir market remains much the same as last week, although prices are lower as a result of the selling from Paris. Some strength, moreover, has been given to the market by bear selling, and since everyone is alike in ignorance of what the future course of events in the Transvaal will be, the bears are quite as nervous as the bulls and hasten to buy back at the first faint signs of reviving confidence. Some such signs have been visible and it is certain that the delay, whilst waiting for the arrival of the Bloemfontein conference papers from South Africa, makes for a peaceful solution of the present crisis. But dealings remain almost wholly professional, though occasionally it would appear that there is a little nibbling by the public as a result of the lower prices which have been recorded. There is no doubt that the uneasiness with regard to the attitude Mr. Kruger will eventually adopt has brought down the prices of a number of shares to a tempting level and those who can afford to take up

their shares and wait for calmer weather will certainly make a profit. But before the end is reached there may be still lower prices and there are certain to be many fluctuations. The fact that the selling from Paris in the early part of the week was easily absorbed in London shows that there are certainly some buyers about of substance. Provided therefore that the investor can hold his shares calmly in case of a further fall there is no reason why he should not re-enter the market, remembering that it is practically impossible for him to get in absolutely at the bottom except by chance. In case of a serious conflict between Great Britain and the Transvaal he may have to wait a long time for the recovery, but that it will come sooner or later is certain.

The announcement of the seventeenth dividend of the Ferreira Gold Mining Company at the rate of 150 per cent. should have a steady effect on the minds of investors in Transvaal gold-mining shares who feel tempted to throw away their holdings at the present time of depression, for it is a remarkable illustration of the marvellous results that have come from the exploitation of the gold deposits of the Witwatersrand. When this dividend has been paid the Company will during the past eight years have repaid its original capital more than sixteen times over, and those, for instance, who six years ago bought the shares at £8 apiece will have received an average annual return of 30 per cent. on their investment, and can, even at the present moment of depression, sell their shares at a profit of practically 200 per cent. No doubt, now that the possibilities of the Witwatersrand are so generally understood, such bargains cannot be picked up at present as were plentiful six years ago, but it is nevertheless true that amongst the deep-level properties developing and in the case of some of those outcrop mines which through lack of capable management have not hitherto been so successful as the rest, there are opportunities for the purchase of shares which will yield a large return to the investor.

For the past two years the dividends paid by the Ferreira Company have been 300 per cent. per annum and there is not the least doubt that this rate of distribution can be maintained throughout the life of the mine, whilst it is quite possible that it will be increased. As a matter of fact during 1897 and 1898 the mine was earning profits at the rate of 380 per cent. per annum, but large sums have been spent each year out of revenue on capital account. This extraordinary expenditure has, however, now practically ceased, the two main shafts having reached the bottom of the mine, the extra development being already five and a half years ahead of the mill, and the mine being equipped in the most splendid fashion. Moreover working costs show a progressive diminution, having been reduced by about 4s. 1d. per ton since 1897, and since they still stand at 29s. 1d. per ton there seems to be room for a further considerable reduction. On the other hand a much larger proportion of the Main Reef and Main Reef leader is now being crushed, the proportion of the rich South Reef going to the mill having been reduced from about three-quarters of the total in 1897 to slightly over one half in 1898. This has reduced the grade of the ore by about 3 dwts. per ton, but the increase in the percentage of extraction and the reduction in the working costs, in spite of the lowering of the grade, enabled the mine to increase its profits by £55,000 in 1898.

In two or three years' time, when its neighbour the Worcester mine has exhausted its claims, the Ferreira Company proposes to take over its stamps, and with its mill thus increased it will be possible to crush a much larger proportion of the main reef and main reef leader ore, whilst maintaining the same rate of profit as hitherto. Taking these factors into consideration the life of the Ferreira mine cannot be placed at less than sixteen or seventeen years and may easily be extended to twenty, during which time annual dividends of at least 300 per cent. can be relied upon. On 31 December last, after paying the dividends for the year, the Ferreira Company had cash in bank and at call amounting to £100,486, or more than £1 per

Ferreira share, whilst it owns also 43½ water-right deep level claims, the value of which at a very low estimate amounts to another £1 per Ferreira share. Deducting, therefore, £2 from the present price, reckoning the future dividends at 300 per cent. and allowing for amortisation at 3 per cent. to redeem the capital invested in seventeen years, Ferreira shares bought at to-day's price will give a net yield to the investor of 9½ per cent. In other words, to give 5 per cent. interest and the return of his capital to the investor, Ferreris are worth £33 10s., whilst to give 7 per cent. and the return of capital they are worth £28, as against their present price of £23 10s. In view of the possibility of a large increase in the dividends to be declared in the future, either as a long shot speculation or as a permanent investment, Ferreira shares at the present time seem equally admirable.

The long-awaited splitting of Rand Mines shares is now at last within measurable distance of accomplishment. A special meeting of the shareholders has been called at Johannesburg on 17 August to arrange for the conversion of the proprietors' lien of 25 per cent. of the profits into shares. This it is proposed to effect by the issue of 110,903 new shares of the nominal value of £1 in exchange for the founders' lien, the capital of the company being increased by £90,000 for this purpose. If these proposals are adopted a second meeting will be held on 24 August to arrange for the splitting of the existing £1 shares into four shares of the nominal value of 5s. each. The change thus to be effected should largely increase the popularity of Rand Mines' shares as an investment, for the present shares are far too unwieldy for the ordinary investor to handle. The new shares of the lower denomination will, we anticipate, speedily command a price equivalent to at least £50 for the present shares.

Copper shares have been a somewhat indifferent market. The mid-monthly statistics showed a decline of 869 tons as compared with those of May 31, but the effect on the price of the metal was practically nil. Paris weakness has made itself felt on Tintos, which have been influenced, also, in common with all other copper things, by the fall in Amalgamated Copper Shares in America. Mr. Lewisohn, one of the organisers of this company, has arrived in London, and men are wondering whether his appearance here is connected with measures designed to stay the "rot" which seems to have set in. Clever manipulation may galvanise the market once again for a spasmodic kick, but the copper boom is in reality about dead. Visible supplies are 2,750 tons higher than on April 30, and have been exceeded only twice since the beginning of last year. Consumption, it is to be observed, keeps on a very small scale, and Messrs. Lewis and Son's figures point to a decrease in the five months to May 31 of 32½ per cent. in the United Kingdom and 15½ per cent. in France. The same firm state that German consumption to April 30 has been at the rate of 6½ per cent. Meantime, copper mining and promoting activity continues very marked, and the Americans will now find the task of keeping up the market far more difficult even than it has been hitherto.

Writing about the Norwich Union Life Insurance Society a year ago, we had occasion to remark that "the provision for expenses had grown steadily less in each of the last three valuation periods." The report for 1898 supplies us with satisfactory evidence that this state of things is improving. The expenditure in 1897 was 16½ per cent. of the premiums, showing a margin of 6¼ per cent. for profit, and in 1898 the expenditure was further reduced to 15½ per cent., showing a margin of 7¼ per cent. of the premiums as a contribution to surplus. In this respect therefore the Society is doing a great deal better than it was during the valuation period ending in 1896, and appreciably better than during the valuation period ending in 1891. In spite of this decrease in expenditure, the new business of the Society is larger than on any previous occasion, amounting to £1,700,000, as compared with £1,500,000 for the past few years. Another satisfactory feature in

the last account is an item of £23,000 from profit on securities realised, which, added to the interest received, produced a net return of £4 12s. 5d. per cent. on the total funds. Without this exceptional item, the interest was slightly over 4 per cent. and consequently does not fall much below the average rate realised during the last quinquennium. The report states "that the claims, although considerably higher in amount than those of recent years, have not exceeded the amount expected."

The Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation only does a small business, but does it very well. This is usually true of all its branches, but on the present occasion the eulogy must be confined to the Life Department, and even then be somewhat less emphatic than usual. The Fire account shows that £384,842 was received in premiums, of which £249,683, amounting to 64.9 per cent. of the premiums, was absorbed in losses, and £128,640 or 33.4 per cent. of the premiums in expenses. The losses and expenses together amount to 98.2 per cent. of the premiums, as compared with 90 per cent. in 1897, 86 per cent. in 1896 and 89 per cent. in 1895. The expenses by themselves are about normal and it is the loss ratio that is responsible for the poor results. The Marine Account is even less satisfactory, since the premiums amount to £114,187 and the claims and expenses to £118,260, so involving an actual loss on the trading brought into the year's account. Turning to the Life account the first thing to notice is that the expenses amount to 15½ per cent. of the premium income, as compared with an average of less than 13 per cent. during the last valuation period. This rate of expenditure leaves a margin of only 3½ per cent. of the premiums as a contribution to surplus, and as at the last valuation the Proprietors' share of the surplus amounted to 11 per cent. of the premiums, we have a balance on the wrong side of 7½ per cent. of the premiums, when the cost for management and Proprietors is compared with the provision set apart for expenses. This state of things is mainly due to the large proportion of surplus that is allotted to the shareholders.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IRISH LITERATURE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Irish Literary Society: 12 June, 1899.

SIR,—While I feel that it is as injudicious for an outsider to intervene between author and reviewer as between man and wife, may I, in the apparent silence of better-qualified persons, venture to offer one or two remarks on the essay on the absence of Irish literature which appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 3 June under the guise of a criticism of Dr. Hyde's new book?

It has long been asserted that there is no such thing as Irish literature, and your reviewer is merely expressing in an epigrammatic form a very general opinion when he adapts a line from Propertius. But it seems to me, who started on a perusal of Dr. Hyde's book with an ignorance of Keltic languages at least as great as your reviewer's, that "An Craoibhín Aoibhinn" has fairly made out his case that the poetry of the Irish language deserves study. Verse that depends for its effect on "metrical subtleties" can hardly be judged in an English translation. A very slight study of Persian poetry in the original has convinced me of this. As for the "note of distinction" that is said to be wanting in the verse about Inisfail, is it not a fair question to ask whether contemporary English verse produced anything half so good? As you justly say, "the history of native Irish literature can only record an arrested development. The material was there." But Dr. Hyde points out in his book that the study of Irish "literature" is valuable rather on its historic than its artistic side. In what other country of Europe do you get so long a record of literary production, poor perhaps, but

distinctly national? I do not myself see that the Irish language has a literary future. But, to my mind, Dr. Hyde's account of its past is of very great value. There has been much frothiness, but also much sincerity, about the present "Irish Literary Movement." Here are a number of young writers endeavouring to reproduce in English the spirit of the old Keltic romance. Dr. Hyde, in a pioneer work of enormous industry, has shown the world for the first time the nature of the origins of that Keltic spirit about which some nonsense is no doubt talked, but which has certainly influenced England. I notice with amusement that your reviewer does not even take the trouble to mention Dr. Hyde's theory that English poetry borrowed rhyme from Gaelic.

The SATURDAY REVIEW showed such an appreciative spirit as regards the "Irish Literary Theatre" that one is surprised to see it taking up an attitude of uncompromising Anglo-Saxonism over the history of Irish poetry. If I shared Dr. Hyde's political views, which I do not, I should be tempted to say that there is something peculiarly English in the spectacle of an English Review flouting the Irish for not having produced better literature, when the fact is that the intellectual life of Ireland was to a great extent crushed by English interference. It is much as though a tenth-century Dane were to reproach the Irish for not having better church architecture.

I do not want to be captious, but why does your reviewer include Swift and omit Sheridan in his list of Anglo-Irish writers? Swift is no more an Irish writer than Mr. Bodley is a French writer. And, as regards the Brehon Laws, which would not "have found a place except in a history of Irish literature," is your reviewer aware that Sir Henry Maine considered their study as of extreme importance for the history of early institutions?

I do not desire, however, to make debating points, or to interfere impertinently with your actual criticism of Dr. Hyde's book. I would just ask you what good purpose is served by importing into a literary essay a spirit that suggests racial animus. The SATURDAY, on its political side, is conspicuously free from any such spirit. Why, then, make the appearance of an historical work the occasion of irritating every Keltic reader of the Review?

You will see by my card that I am not a Kelt myself!

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

M. C. S.

[We are gratified to find that "M. C. S." ascribes to us a freedom from "racial" animus as regards politics. We assure him that we aim at being even more conspicuously free from animus arising from race or from any other source in dealing with literature. We hold that in the review of Dr. Hyde's book we simply did our duty to the public. We said that it did not show that there was any native Irish literature deserving of that name. We think that other reviews of the book have implied the same thing, though they have concealed the fact under allusions to what might have been and what perhaps is (though unpublished) real literature. This attitude of mind, not ours, ought to be resented by a real believer in native Irish literature. It is an attitude of mind usually assumed only towards the child, the idiot, and the savage. We do not think that Dr. Hyde has made out his case that the poetry of the Irish language deserves study; and if any unbiassed reader of the book honestly holds that he has, then we say that either he is mistaken in his judgment on a purely literary question, or else we are. We formed our opinion honestly from a study of the book. We were not writing as Keltic scholars. But the book is not addressed to Keltic scholars; neither is our review. Both are addressed to the British reading public. As far as we can see, "M. C. S." holds much the same opinion about the literary character of the book as we ourselves expressed; and we did not fail to advert to certain historic and linguistic points of interest which the historian had made. The question whether English poetry borrowed rhyme from Gaelic does not seem to us very interesting, and we do not think that Dr. Hyde has gone near proving his theory that it did. Nor are we concerned with "contemporary English poetry." English poetry certainly is now an

existing fact. The question is, Was there at any time anything which could justly be called Irish poetry? We think that this book has not succeeded in showing to unbiassed English readers that there was; and this is what we said in our notice of the work.

"M. C. S." speaks of Irish literature as "poor perhaps, but distinctly national." If it had been only poor, it might have had an interest as being national; but, so far as we can judge from this book, it was worse than poor, it was not literature at all. Let readers of the book judge for themselves. But the attempt to appeal to nationalism to induce us to describe as literature what seems to be mere rudimentary struggles towards a maturity never achieved, is in itself foolish, if not immoral, and must fail. We never "flouted the Irish for not having produced better literature." We said that, so far as we could judge, the Irish had not produced what could rightly be called literature.

In answer to "M. C. S.'s" question: we called Swift an Irish writer because he was educated in Ireland, at Kilkenny School, and Trinity College, Dublin, was Dean of S. Patrick's, and spent most of his life in Ireland. We, of course, regard Sheridan also as an Irish writer. We did not profess to give an exhaustive list. But Swift is quite as correctly so described.—ED.]

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ENGLISH HOUSE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

King's College, London: 19 June, 1899.

DEAR SIR,—The discussion on the evolution of the English house is one which must of necessity be interesting, but as a practical architect I fail to see how Mr. Addy's theory holds good. He bases his theory on the assumption that the builders were afraid of putting a roof resting on vertical walls because of the horizontal thrust of the rafters, but his section of the house at Scrivelsby seems to completely disprove this theory. At a certain height from the floor are shown horizontal joists which tie in the rafters at this point and prevent any tendency they might have to spread. This forms in reality what we architects call a "couple close" roof, so that if the rafters below this point were removed and a wall inserted, it would be a perfectly safe construction with no fear of the rafters spreading and pushing out the walls.

Mr. Addy does not appear to adduce any evidence that a shaped house was at all common, and it is certainly not of a kind that would be lasting. The rafters are shown bedded in the ground where during the course of a year or so they would certainly rot. In all timber-framed constructions from very early times low plinth walls of stone or brick have all been built and support the timber-framing and prevent it decaying. I certainly agree with your reviewer that the oratory of Gallerus is not a copy of any wooden form. It is essentially a lithic construction and indeed it is difficult to conceive of any other form that it could possibly take. It resembles the buildings of the Pelasgic period of Greek architecture which have been excavated at Mycenæ and Tiryns by Dr. Schliemann, notably the tomb of Atreus at the former place.—Yours faithfully,

BANISTER F. FLETCHER.

[Mr. Addy's letter—to which our correspondent refers—illustrates the danger of dealing with a highly technical subject without having first mastered the constructive problems involved. The curved contour of the Irish "oratory" walls which exercises Mr. Addy's mind is simply the outcome of the law of gravitation. If Mr. Addy will himself take two dozen bricks, and try to build a "corbelled over" wall he will soon find himself compelled to adopt a curved outline. The reason is obvious. In order to avoid collapse, the base of the wall has to contain the centre of gravity. This is best secured by arranging the corbel roughly in an elliptical form. When instead of a single wall there are—as in the present case—two walls mutually supporting one another at the crown, the centre of gravity may be brought slightly within the respective bases. Any serious deviation however would result in the failure of the whole structure. The

Irish builders unconsciously followed this constructive law.

Mr. Addy tells us in his letter that the Scrivelsby cottage was later in date than the village church. The book not only omits this information, but the illustrations and description immediately follow the chapter dealing with the dwellings prior to the Roman occupation. Such a position is distinctly misleading in a book engaged in developing an evolutionary theory. Our correspondent justly points out that the wooden rafters at Scrivelsby are shown in the published drawings to be embedded in the earth and that they would rapidly rot in such a position. Mr. Addy is thus confronted with uncomfortable alternatives. Either this important drawing is seriously inaccurate in a fundamental part, or the cottage cannot have existed in its present form for 100 years. The whole structure depends for safety on the soundness of these embedded ends of timber.

Mr. Addy exaggerates the difficulties in building a vertical walled cottage. The construction is exceedingly simple, and was quite within the capacity of the mediæval carpenter. Stout oak trees, roughly squared with the axe, were laid as cills on rough masonry foundation. Story-posts rested on these cills at the angles and supported in their turn horizontal beams, known as heads. Into these, as well as the cills, upright pieces were framed. There was no fear of collapse. The framing was low and always very stout, and the horizontal thrust was slight. In large buildings transverse tie-beams are sometimes found, but these were rarely needed.

Mr. Addy objects to our criticism of the title of his book. He is of course within his rights in claiming that the title accurately represents the contents. Our function consisted in moderating the expectations of those readers who might reasonably have looked for an analysis of the development of the greater houses of England. The dwelling places of the mediæval peasantry are, however, equally a subject of fascination, and from this point of view the book, despite its few obvious failures, is well worth careful study.—ED.]

MAX ON THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Paris: 17 June, 1899.

SIR,—Will you allow me to protest against the severe sentence passed by your brilliant dramatic critic "Max," not on Sarah Bernhardt's interpretation of Hamlet, but on the French language?

"The fact is," he states, "that the French language, limpid and exquisite though it is, affords no scope for phrases which . . . are charged with a dim significance beyond their meaning and with reverberations beyond their sound. The French language, like the French genius, can give no hint of things beyond those which it definitely expresses . . . it is not, in the sense that our language is, suggestive. It lacks mystery. It casts none of those purple shadows which do follow and move with the moving phrases of our great poets." Surely this is merely equivalent to admitting (an admission which I have often heard made by Englishmen) that to him the French language is a *vehicle* merely. In English every word has its associations for us and touches off a train. Some words are enough in themselves to redeem a page: they are like men and women with identities: while French words seem to many of us and to "Max," according to the above quotation, to be like Noah's Ark men, merely symbols.

But to the French and to those who imbibed the French language in their childhood words possess identity and association in the very same way.

I maintain that Racine's lines—

"Ariane, ma sœur, de quel amour blessée,

Vous mourûtes aux bords où vous fûtes laissée!" are quite as suggestive as "Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!"

Or, to take other examples, Victor Hugo's

"Vite à tire d'ailes!"

Oh! c'est triste de voir s'enfuir les hirondelles!

Elles s'en vont là-bas vers le midi doré,"

or Baudelaire's

"La Musique souvent me prend comme une mer
vers ma pâle étoile,"

or Verlaine's

"Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes, parmi les marbres."

All these phrases seem to me to have their mysterious shadows, their unearthly echoes. Matthew Arnold used to be fond of quoting a French Alexandrine couplet and immediately after a line or two of Shakespeare, and he would then exclaim "What a relief!"

Yes, indeed, what a relief for an Englishman with an English ear; but a Frenchman would invert the order of the quotations and say the same thing!

I admit that Shakespeare is a more suggestive poet than Racine; but surely this is not because French is a less suggestive language than English; but because Shakespeare's genius and ideas were the more mysterious. On the other hand, the poetry of Villon, Ronsard, Victor Hugo, Musset, Baudelaire and Verlaine is to me every bit as suggestive as that of Sir Philip Sidney, John Donne, Wordsworth, Keats, Tennyson, and Mr. Swinburne.

I heard a German once say "How poor your English language is! Instead of our beautiful word 'Heimath' you have to say 'Home,' instead of 'Mutter' you are reduced to saying 'Mother.' Ugh!"

This seems to me to put the matter in a nutshell; or perhaps a still better example is the old "Punch" story of the little girl who said to her nurse, "And you must know, Parker, that in France they say Wee for Yes." "La! Miss," answered the nurse, "how paltry!" This is precisely the same sentiment as that expressed by "Max:" a sentiment against which I wish to protest.—I am, Sir, &c. M. B.

DISASTERS AT SEA AND THEIR CAUSES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Baron Hill, Beaumaris, N. Wales, 19 June, 1899.

SIR,—I see in your issue of the 17th that the very practical criticism that "Hopeful" has been subjected to by Mr. J. P. Davies has drawn from the former a reply, in which he observes that the latter has "utterly failed to grasp the method of accomplishing the object of the submarine indicator."

I have the three letters on the subject of "Disasters at Sea and their Causes" before me at this moment, and I am bound to admit that I read Hopeful's first letter exactly in the same sense as apparently does Mr. Davies; and moreover his criticism appears to me absolutely just. It is indeed only another instance of practice criticising theory. Any practical seaman well knows, and none better than do the advisers of Trinity Board, what almost insurmountable difficulties obstruct the joining of outlying lighthouses and lightships to the shore by submarine telegraph cables. One of the chief of these is that even a strongly armoured cable will not stand the wear and tear of the constant chafing at the point in the cable where it takes the ground. This constant chafing is, of course, caused by the changing directions of the tide, and at times by the swell of the sea. The same difficulties would apply to Hopeful's scheme, and were it accomplished, a very heavy annual expenditure would be necessary to maintain a system of very questionable efficiency and of enormous initial cost.

I cannot help congratulating "Hopeful" on his choice of a nom de guerre when I read in his first letter "unfortunately the difficulty does not lie in the want of adequate, and even infallible means for obviating such calamities, &c.;" verily is infallibility a thing to be hoped for, but hardly attained. He seems to be ignorant of the fact that there exists at present an invention, which, as far as its advantages reach, is perhaps the best automatic arrangement for giving timely warning of the too near approach of a ship to

the shore in thick weather. It is called the "Marine Sentinel." I will not trespass on your space to give a detailed explanation of this contrivance; it will be sufficient to say that it consists of an arrangement whereby an angular board, much like the ridge tile of a roof, is towed behind a steamer at any constant depth that may be desired, say 30 fathoms; immediately on the steamer arriving at a less depth than 30 fathoms, the sentinel strikes the bottom, and actuates a warning alarm on deck. This arrangement works well, but has the same disadvantage that "Hopeful's" scheme has, i.e. it would probably prove useless should by some means the ship get out of her course, and approach a shore where the rocks descended sheer into and below the water to a depth greater than the sentinel was set for. The warning in such a case could not be given in time to be of use, any more than would a warning given by "Hopeful's" indicator prove adequate at 1,000 yards from the rocks, to a liner running at 20 knots, and probably between 500 and 600 feet long.

The means for safe navigation of the present day are adequate, if they are constantly and properly used; but the use of many of them involves loss of time, and then passengers complain. The fact is, the public must make up their mind, that if they demand excessive speed, they must be prepared to accept the attendant risks. *Infallible* remedies are of none effect so long as those actuating them remain fallible.—Yours faithfully,

R. WILLIAMS BULKELEY.

SMALL-POX.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Gloucester, 21 June, 1899.

SIR,—As you invested the letter of Mr. J. Williamson with an importance it scarcely deserves by allowing it to appear in your columns, I should be glad if you would allow me to point out an additional source of fallacy in it to that which you have yourself indicated. Mr. Williamson, whilst quoting the large mortality from small-pox both in London and England and Wales generally in 1871, entirely omits to give any information as to the ages of the persons who died or even to show what proportion of them were respectively vaccinated and unvaccinated. For all that he tells us, the whole of the 23,000 deaths in England and Wales may have been those of unvaccinated persons. But, assuming that a proportion of them had been vaccinated, it would certainly be found that the great majority of this section were adults who had been vaccinated only in infancy, unless the experience of this epidemic belies that of all recent ones, especially those of Leicester, Gloucester and Middlesbrough. It is obvious, therefore, that such statistics are not only useless but positively misleading.

It is curious that Mr. Williamson, in drawing attention to the fact that certain diseases, such as plague, jail-fever, &c., which used to be epidemic, have now ceased to be so, in consequence of "the ameliorations incident to a higher degree of civilisation," whilst small-pox has not similarly disappeared, does not see that whether small-pox be amenable to the same conditions or not, we have not yet succeeded in making it so. It may be very well in theory to assert that sanitation will drive out small-pox; but those of us who believe that vaccination is a preventive of that disease may be pardoned for advocating it, at any rate until its opponents can prove that they have thoroughly established a more excellent way.

As to the "enormous cost" at which vaccination is alleged to be maintained, the epidemic which visited Gloucester in 1895-6 has been estimated by a competent authority to have cost those who are interested in the prosperity of the city, in one way or another, at least £150,000, which would have paid for the vaccination of the whole of its population three times over; to say nothing of the suffering and loss of life involved. So that the neglect of vaccination is very poor economy, even from a pecuniary point of view.—I am, &c.

FRANCIS T. BOND, M.D. Lond.

Hon. Secretary, Jenner Society.

REVIEWS.

THE POET OF PESSIMISM.

"Reflets sur la Sombre Route." By Pierre Loti. Paris : Calmann-Lévy. 1899.

LOTI has said good-bye to the East : his idle nights on the Bosphorus are over, the gentle Aziyadé, the faithful Achmet, are forsaken. Spectator of a sturdier people is the author of the "Phantoms of the East" to-day : first, of the peasants of the Pyrenees, later of the señors and señoras of Spain. In the mountains, the air is fresh and exhilarating ; at Madrid, feverish from war : salutary climates, in short, for a languid traveller, demoralised by drowsy delights, left cynical and sad. Memories should fade ; languor vanish ; gaiety ensue. Here no leisure should be found for sipping coffee in a dim retreat, inhaling Turkish tobacco, moodily ; jests with the peasants, excitement in Madrid, should be the programme for the day. But change of air has had no effect on Loti ; he is melancholy still. Life to him is as joyless in the West as in the East ; mankind is always vulgar, nature always cruel. Wherever he is and wherever he goes, Loti sighs for himself, pities himself, weeps for himself ; and, choosing sombre paths and late hours for the indulgence of these emotions, presents the spectacle of a sad and solitary pilgrim lost on a mountain, unprotected in a lane. . . . "Deux heures du matin, une nuit d'hiver, loin de tout, dans la profonde solitude des campagnes pyrénéennes." Peasants sleep. Birds and beasts have retired. Only Loti is awake. Stars shine. Memories rise : he sees himself eighteen, a buoyant student—how sad to have been once young and blithe ; to be so no more ! Loti grows more and more melancholy. Footsteps startle him : brigands ? No : douaniers—passing, they leave him alone again, soliloquising. Something looms in the distance. Loti hastens ; Loti peers. It is a village church bell, and it seems to say, "Essaye d'imiter les simples qui, à mes pieds, sont couchés sous les tombes, et qui s'en sont allés confiants, sans scruter la vide ni connaître les vertiges" . . .

A mountain : no one moving but Loti and a wrinkled, weather-beaten old dame. Loti's hands are free, his eyes turned on gorgeous banks and foliage ; the old woman is bent, almost blind, and laden with sticks. To give her silver and bid her cast away her bundle is Loti's first thought ; but Pyrenees peasants are proud : she might feel insulted, resist. So Loti pities "la pauvre vieille," who cannot appreciate, cannot admire ; and turning his eyes on the scenery again, feels that she is even more miserable than he. Soon, they pass into a village, old and cobbled. "Amona !" (grandmother) cries a child : she opens her arms, clasps him tenderly, chatters, smiles. Then the Angelus rings : bowing her head the old one makes the sign of the cross, mutters a prayer. And Loti, taking to his sombre path again, longs to say, "Aie pitié à ton tour, bonne vieille, et récite pour mon repos une prière, car, de nous deux, va, c'est bien moi le plus misérable, infiniment" . . .

Madrid : animated, anxious. Troops pass by. Crowds stand about, chattering, gesticulating. Loti is host of the French ambassador now ; received in audience by the Queen Regent and the youthful king. Both are pale, but confident and composed ; both proclaim themselves touched by the expressions of sympathy and good-will of Loti and France. Once in the streets Loti sighs ; but for the law of neutrality he would at once enroll himself a soldier of this gallant, heroic Spain. Days pass. Loti lingers in châteaux, where the same proud confidence prevails. Nor do silence and sorrow come upon Madrid until the news of the first American victory before Manila. Bull-fights are not abandoned at this troubled time. In the gallery above Loti sits "une si jolie señora coiffée d'une mantille blanche et d'un bouquet de roses thé ;" now he gazes at her, now at the arena : an old, very old, horse is led in. The poor creature is dazzled, terrified ; but frisks a little when his master appears : he believes in him. He thinks, "You have come to save me, to take me away." He lets himself be bandaged ; he feels quite safe, quite happy, under his master's hand. But soon he lies quivering and rent upon the ground, and Loti, horrified, turns away : only

to encounter the excited eyes of the "si jolie señora coiffée d'une mantille blanche et d'un bouquet de roses thé" . . .

Cats fascinate Loti ; they are "élégant," "patricien." One sits at his desk, watching him. Deep thoughts pass through her mind. She is a profound thinker, a philosopher, a sage. She marvels at man. She sees through him, his faults, his follies. Her languor is not laziness ; her brain works always. A second cat has Loti, not so sedate : "un mimi gris," this one, "une petite chose toute en velours," a waif once, petted now, and pampered. She follows Loti. She romps with Loti. She scratches Loti. But she worships him. Other cats congregate on Loti's roof : a black one, first. She looks about, then settles, thinks. Another appears—a stranger, yellow ; the first looks up. Both hesitate for a moment ; then the new one approaches, and without a sign of greeting, also settles, also thinks. Side-by-side, they dream, looking straight before them, never moving. Hours pass ; they are still on Loti's roof, still side-by-side, inscrutable sages : thinking, thinking, thinking.

Haunted always by the solitude and melancholy of the Great Sphinx, Loti has at last realised his dream of visiting it by moonlight. Leaving Cairo and its noisy cafés and excursionists behind, he crosses the desert. Soon, shadowy silhouettes start up : the Pyramids. Loti pauses ; passes. What seems a rock appears—"lui, superbement posé là-haut contre le ciel, et regardant ce qu'il regarde depuis des siècles sans nombre : l'horizon vide." And it seems to smile on Loti, disdainfully, a mutilated face, and so hypnotises him with its steady, inscrutable stare, that he remains seated on the sand, terrified, staring also.

Romantic moments beneath shining stars and a rising sun are presented by Loti in his chapters on the Pays Basque. He visits villages ; he hears Christmas ring in. He chats with smugglers ; on the eve of his departure he drives for miles, and dines sadly in a poor inn. On every page he lays bare his melancholy ; once he envies a puppy its death. It was wounded, hopelessly, and Loti had picked it up. He hesitated to destroy it, but the old saying suddenly occurred to him—Do as you would be done by—so Loti put it out of pain, crying : "Oui, si l'on avait étouffé mon premier cri dans l'eau de quelque rivière, que d'angoisses on m'eût évitées !" . . . But we pause, demoralised ourselves, and also melancholy. No light have we encountered on Loti's sombre path—no happy corners, no bright turnings—not a flicker. From the moment that we set forth with him at two in the morning, to the ringing of the bells a year later on Christmas Eve, Loti has not ceased to deplore his lot, analyse his emotions, assert his sorrow. Yet life has not dealt harshly with him. He has travelled, and seen. He has been courted, and adored. In spite of his cynical declaration that no one is true, no one disinterested, he has known Aziyadé and Achmet—firm friends—and a hundred more. He does not examine or explain his pessimism, but the secret of it is not hard to find. Like all egoists, Loti is disappointed to see that the universe does not exist for the pleasures of one special person, that its central aim is not Loti. And so he does not hesitate to condemn it as cruel, vulgar, coarse. Still, Loti's style is beautiful if his sorrow is not : it was never purer, never so perfect, as in this demoralising picture of his sombre path.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

"The Life of William Morris." By J. W. Mackail. 2 vols. London : Longmans. 1899.

NO one man could hope to write a perfect Life of Morris, for no one man could sympathise perfectly with every one of Morris' interests in life. Mr. Mackail has written a Life which is an excellent one, but even his sympathy and understanding are not always unlimited. There are moments when, it is evident, he does not understand how Morris as he conceives him could have come to do this thing or to think that. In other words, he has not perfectly conceived his subject ; there are moments when it escapes him. And it has seemed to him necessary to smooth down much of what

was rough, splendidly rough, in Morris; in spite of a few attempts in that direction he does not quite bring before one the broad figure in the blue clothes, shifting from foot to foot like a sea-captain, and using a sea-captain's language. Moderation is a rare and excellent quality, but even moderation may be carried to excess. Yet how finely, how delicately, with what subtlety of feeling and of art he has after all painted his portrait! He has indicated with singular skill the evolution of Morris' temperament, and the periods into which his life seems to divide itself, "throughout the loneliness and fixedness in which he had passed his mortal days," as he notes, with fine insight. One passage may be quoted to show how clearly he sees the single thread linking all Morris' aims in art: "Morris did not graduate as a professional architect, nor in all his life did he ever build a house. But for him, then and always, the word architecture bore an immense, and one might almost say a transcendental, meaning. Connected at a thousand points with all the other specific arts which ministered to it out of a thousand sources, it was itself the tangible expression of all the order, the comeliness, the sweetness, nay, even the mystery and the law, which sustain man's world and make human life what it is. To him the House Beautiful represented the visible form of life itself. Not only as a craftsman and manufacturer, a worker in dyed stuffs and textiles and glass, a pattern designer and decorator, but throughout the whole range of life, he was from first to last the architect, the master-craftsman, whose range of work was so phenomenal and his sudden transitions from one to another form of productive energy so swift and perplexing, because, himself secure in the centre, he struck outwards to any point of the circumference with equal directness, with equal precision, unperplexed by artificial subdivisions of art, and untrammelled by any limiting rules of professional custom." Nothing better or truer has ever been said on a subject which has so often and so needlessly been misunderstood. In our hapless time of specialists, universality is looked upon, most of all by craftsmen themselves, as something foolish or dangerous or both. "If a man cannot write poetry while he is weaving at a handloom," said Morris, "he had better let poetry alone." Morris was the great living protest in our time against that narrowing conception of art which ties the artist down to one small bit of work, and then exalts the work done above the artist who did it. All the arts, said Morris, by his example, are so many expressions of the beautifying energy of man: why limit the outflow of your energy, if you have the energy to limit? Is there not something mean and crippled in a poet who can only make verses, a painter who can only paint pictures, a singer who has nothing but a voice, a wood-carver who has hands that can only carve wood? For the wise craftsman will realise that only certain aspects of things can be fitly rendered by his own particular form of art: should, then, all the rest of the universe become so much dead waste to him? The whole universe lives: let him live himself into it as widely as he can.

That was Morris' great lesson to our time, and in stepping outside art itself, in touching life, grasping it with both hands, with that tremendous grip of his, he showed us that the artist need not be isolated from humanity, even in the midst of twenty different forms of art-work. To Morris Socialism meant getting in touch with humanity, and, for all the heartiness of his ways, it was not an easy thing for him to get in touch with humanity. There are some admirable pages in this book, explaining how much more interested Morris naturally was in ideas than in people; it was visible in his eyes, which looked impatiently through people, seeing their own ideas if they had them, if not, going on persistently seeing his own. It was because Morris felt himself so painfully, so absorbingly an artist, that he first set himself to be one with others, if he could: he was always ready to help them, as egoists usually are, but without love. He mastered the art of being human, as he had mastered the art of weaving tapestry: it was more difficult to him, he was never quite satisfied with his own progress in the more difficult art.

Where Mr. Mackail is at his best, naturally, is in the presentment of Morris as a poet. His analysis of the scheme of "The Earthly Paradise" is an actual

assistance in understanding the poem, and his technical study of that very fascinating and very little known poem, "Love is Enough," is not less valuable. He says the right thing, which was not at all the obvious thing, on Morris' translation of Virgil. And, in the too fragmentary specimens which he gives us of that strange, romantic epic, in its series of dramatic scenes, on the fall of Troy, which Morris planned, and partly wrote, after finishing the "Defence of Guenevere" volume, he adds something, tantalisingly unfinished, to our conception of Morris as a poet. The anecdote, contributed by Canon Dixon, of Morris reading his first poem, "The Willow and the Red Cliff," to Burne-Jones and other friends at Oxford, and his comment on the admiration it aroused, "Well, if this is poetry, it is very easy to write," is as significant an anecdote as anyone could ever have invented. And the letter, written in 1883, in which Morris confesses that "poetry, like the hand-arts, has now become unreal," is not less significant. It explains why Morris, who, when the agitations of the present are over, will certainly live as a poet, and not as anything else, however much he may be vaguely remembered for those other things, came to give up writing poetry, and took to writing prose; a fact unexampled, or almost, in the history of poets. That he was mistaken, a late poem like "Thunder in the Garden," with its extraordinarily direct expression of emotion, is enough to testify; but it is interesting to know exactly his own feeling on the subject. Every letter of Morris included in these two volumes is welcome; some, like that on p. 327 of the first volume, are profound in feeling, a few are amusing, and the journals of the tour in Iceland are full of splendid description, and add definite pages of fine prose to the completed work of Morris.

THE SECOND EMPIRE.

"Histoire du Second Empire." Tome 4^{me}. Par Pierre de la Gorce. Paris: Plon, Nourrit. 1899.

NAPOLEON III. owed much of his reputation for sagacity to the faculty of keeping his own counsel among a nation of talkers. He was credited with being the heir of something more than the tradition of the Great Napoleon, who would never have trusted him with the conduct of great affairs. He would have classed him with those "idealogueues" whose interference in matters of State he so violently deprecated.

He was credited, not only at home but also abroad, with harbouring schemes far more dangerously coherent than any he really formulated to himself. His mind seemed profound, but it was only turbid. Any faculty he may have originally possessed for thinking out and maturing a consistent foreign policy was diminished steadily as his health grew uncertain, and as the more determined spirits that had planned the Coup d'état disappeared. This becomes plain enough in the history of the years here treated of, 1860 to 1866. The policy of France in the Mexican expedition, during the Polish revolt, and in the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty, indicates the same incapacity to grasp the situation and put it to profit which marked the irretrievable errors of 1866.

The return of the troops to Paris after Magenta and Solferino was the last occasion on which the Parisian populace tasted the sweets of military glory. With that triumph, followed by the incorporation of Savoy and Nice in the Empire, the golden lustrum of the Third Napoleon came to an end, but he was still to give France many years of great internal prosperity. Such acute observers as Taine and Bagehot both agree in stating that material well-being among the middle and lower classes never in any country reached a higher pitch. But any ruler to establish himself in the affections of France, much more his dynasty, must appeal to the popular imagination. Some brilliant episode had to be engineered for Parisian consumption. M. de la Gorce points out with truth that politics both at home and abroad became complicated all at once and called for the most masterly manipulation to adapt the situation so as to satisfy the national aspirations. Fear of a new revolution had driven the middle classes into the arms of a dictator. They were now beginning

to resent the repression which a despotic government implies. The clever people who wanted to talk and write about politics, and were not allowed to, began to agitate for more freedom. The strict Catholics had been annoyed at the alliance with Italian Liberalism and the Liberals were irritated at the occupation of Rome by French troops. To keep the different elements of society in good humour it was necessary to show that the Empire might be unable to give liberty at home but could give glory abroad. The whole story of those five years is that of the steady decline of French prestige. At first this was imperceptible and was not indeed manifest till after Sadowa, when the "Liberal Empire" was invented to compensate for failure abroad and the crowning folly of the war with Prussia put an end to Cæsar altogether.

M. de la Gorce gives a luminous sketch of the inauguration and progress of the unhappy Mexican expedition. He does not indeed include the last scene of the tragedy, but the story is sufficient to demonstrate the essential weakness of Napoleon's policy. This disastrous imbroglio was brought about in the first place by the influence of the Empress and the Church, which resented its treatment by the Mexican Liberals; secondly by that of less scrupulous schemers of the De Morny type who saw opportunities for making a fortune, and by soldiers, like Bazaine, who wanted more opportunities for "glory." Lastly, we must consider the principal factor in the adventure, the faculty latent in the Emperor of indulging in vague and grandiose dreams. This besetting fault was always present with him. He allowed it full play and was incapable of guessing the possible obstacles. Sometimes it led him to let slip the psychological moment, sometimes it hurried him into fatal courses. In this period we have instances of both. The former is exemplified in his treatment of the European situation which preceded the war of 1866, the latter in the disastrous plunge into Mexico. How deeply some of the Emperor's counsellors were involved in ignoble financial transactions when they hounded him on to his Mexican folly is not brought out by the author as clearly as might be, but he does full justice to the action of the English Government, and does not attempt to cast upon it any of the blame. Its prudence in withdrawing our troops along with those of Spain, when the situation in Mexico became untenable, he fully recognises. When he comes to deal with the Polish insurrection and the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty he rightly brands the vacillation and selfishness which marked our action. But after all it was not England, but France, which suffered from the common blunder.

Poland was the traditional client of France. All Frenchmen were keenly interested in her destiny. They felt her annihilation as a personal humiliation. Floquet's famous "Vive la Pologne, Monsieur," was a real expression of national feeling, not merely a piece of individual swagger and impertinence. By his failure to assist Poland by arms or policy Napoleon alienated French sentiment. He did something worse. The Tsar was insulted by an ineffectual protest in which France took the lead. Henceforth Russia ceased to be benevolent and became covertly hostile. Bismarck seized the occasion to earn his gratitude by ostentatious sympathy which bore fruit later on.

An effectual intervention on behalf of Denmark in 1864 in conjunction with England might have revived French self-esteem, but the mutual jealousies of the two Governments led to a fiasco and Prussia made a further step forward. Palmerston and Russell cut figures poor enough on this occasion, but it was no consolation to France that England had nothing to boast of. The good will of Russia lost by hesitating diplomacy in 1863, without any compensation in national prestige, would have been invaluable in 1864, 1866, and 1870. While the Emperor added blunder to blunder Bismarck was steadily advancing to his goal. The real interest in this volume to our mind lies in the contrast between these two men. The one a dreamy philanthropist believed by the world to be a mixture of Cæsar and Macchiavelli, the other as clear-headed and unscrupulous as either, but believed to be a hot-headed theorist destined to speedy extinction. And they were

as incomprehensible the one to the other as they both then were to other men. Bismarck refused to credit the existence of a man who would not take his chance while he had it. He was prepared to sacrifice the left bank of the Rhine before Sadowa, and he expected at least to see a French army occupying the Palatinate. Napoleon was dreaming of a prolonged war in which he might appear as supreme arbiter, exacting his conditions and compelling peace. The rapidity of the Prussian success was the measure of his ineptitude. Bismarck was lucky in having such an ambassador as Goltz to second him. The astuteness of that remarkable man and his mastery over the French Court M. de la Gorce well brings out; they play a large part in a critical period.

The hysterical effusions of Victor Hugo and less illustrious persons long obscured the true history of the Second Empire. Frenchmen enjoyed quite as much real liberty then as they have done since, at least in its later years they had more. We have M. Renan's authority for saying that it "awarded the largest amount of liberty possible to be realised in France without provoking excess." Recent years have dispelled a good many illusions as to Republican government in France. It has not yet committed the inextinguishable fault of an unsuccessful war, nor on the other hand has it indulged in generous delusions such as led Louis Napoleon to think too much of the future of Venetia in 1866 when he should have been scheming for the future of France.

He was never entirely selfish, and therefore failed to profit by his neighbours' difficulties and he was never entirely disinterested and therefore he failed to win the gratitude of those he had served. Such a man was no match for the Prussian Chancellor.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SONNETS.

"The Mystery of Shakespeare's Sonnets: an Attempted Elucidation." By Cuming Walters. London: The New Century Press. 1899.

"Testimony of the Sonnets as to the Authorship of the Shakespearian Plays and Poems." By Jesse Johnson. New York: Putnam. 1899.

THERE goes a story that an ingenuous youth who had the privilege of an introduction to Lord Beaconsfield resolved to make the best of the occasion by extracting if possible from that astute political sage the secret of success in life. It might take the form, he thought, of a little practical advice. For that advice, explaining the object with which it was asked, he accordingly applied. "Yes," said Lord Beaconsfield, "I think I can give you some advice which may possibly be of use to you. Never trouble yourself about 'The Man in the Iron Mask,' and never get into a discussion about the authorship of the 'Letters of Junius.'" In all seriousness we think it is high time that the "closure" should be applied to a debate on another "mystery" of which everyone must be tired to death except perhaps those who contribute to it. If some progress could be made towards the solution of the "Mystery of Shakespeare's Sonnets," if there was the faintest indication of any dawn on the darkness, even the wearied reviewer would be patient. But the thing remains exactly where it was before this appalling literary epidemic set in. During the last three or four years scarcely a month has passed without its "monograph," many of them mere replicas of their predecessors differing only in degrees of stupidity and uselessness. The volume before us, sensible enough and intelligent, we quite concede, simply thrashes the straw. It professes to be an original contribution to the question, there is not a view or theory in it which is not now a platitude to everyone who has had the patience to follow this controversy. It analyses the Sonnets, they have been analysed hundreds of times. It asks who was W. H., it answers the question as it has been answered *usque ad nauseam*. It discusses the dark lady, and lands us in the same shifting quagmire of opinion in which Mr. Tyler and his coadjutors and opponents have been floundering for the last four years. It assumes, it

rejects, it questions, it suggests, what has been assumed, rejected, questioned and suggested over and over again. Indeed it may now be said with literal truth that, unless some fresh discovery is made, nothing new whether in the way of absurdity or sense can be advanced on this subject. But books are multiplied with such rapidity and in such prodigious numbers in these days that they thrive, like cannibals, on themselves. The last comer is simply its forgotten predecessor in disguise.

But platitude is the very last charge that can be brought against Mr. Jesse Johnson's contribution to the curiosities of Shakespearian criticism. The theory advanced here is that Shakespeare never wrote the Sonnets at all, that he was quite unequal to their composition, that the author of them "was probably fifty, perhaps sixty, and that he was besides a man of genius, which Shakespeare certainly was not. I would not," says Mr. Jesse Johnson, "deny to Shakespeare great talent. His success in and with theatres certainly forbids us to do so. That he had a bent or a talent for rhyming or for poetry an early and persistent tradition and the inscription over his grave indicate. And otherwise there could hardly have been attributed to him so many plays besides those written by the author of the Sonnets." Shakespeare may have been equal to trifles like "Hamlet" or "Lear"—for Mr. Jesse Johnson would be the last to dispute the claim made for Shakespeare as a hard-working playwright clearing his twenty-five thousand dollars a year—Mr. Jesse Johnson is calculating his income according to the present time—but "to Shakespeare working as an actor, adapter or perhaps author came a very great poet, one who outclassed all the writers of that day, and it is the poetry of that great unknown which flowing into Shakespeare's work comprises all or nearly all of it which the world treasures or cares to remember." If we told Mr. Jesse Johnson and all who resemble Mr. Jesse Johnson the truth about their productions we are quite certain of one thing—but the one thing of which we are certain it would perhaps be good taste in us to leave unsaid.

HEALTH AND LIFE.

"On Centenarians and the Duration of the Human Race." By T. E. Young, late President of the Societies of Actuaries. London: C. and E. Layton. 1899.

IT has long been known that the majority of supposed cases of human beings attaining the age of a hundred years or more are based on quite unsatisfactory evidence and it has been made notorious that there is no evidence whatever for the century and a half of "Old Parr." Mr. Young gives a useful account of the investigations of Buffon, Flourens, Thoms, Ray Lankester and others into human longevity and for his own part brings forward on absolutely conclusive evidence twenty-two cases of centenarians, the greatest age among them being 105 years. He has thus shown that the earlier naïve acceptance of great ages and the more recent complete scepticism were unjustified. So far his work is a valuable and interesting contribution to the study of longevity. The later part of the volume is too superficial and discursive to be valuable. Discussions as to the age and ultimate fate of the earth, the influence of our modern increase in bacteriological knowledge and so forth, require more than an incidental treatment to be of any value. In congruity with his subject there are three important lines of general investigation referred to by the writer. Karl Pearson treated the ages at death of human beings as a branch of his interesting studies in what is now termed mathematical biology and has shown that according to the probability curve an extremely small number of centenarians may be expected. Ray Lankester showed that in the biological treatment of longevity there must be kept separate the average longevity of one species as compared with another, and the consideration of individual variation in age. Weismann has shown that the average duration of life of a species is directly correlated with the habits and structure and that it is probably determined by natural selection. These latter most interesting specu-

lations Mr. Young apparently knows only from references to the original in Romanes' writings, but no work on the duration of life can now be regarded as satisfactory which does not deal with the problems raised by Weismann.

"How to Get Strong and How to Stay So." By W. Blaikie. London: Sampson Low. 1899.

Mr. Blaikie, who is obviously an American writing for Americans, develops a useful and popular thesis. In the stress of modern conditions the development of the body is unduly neglected by young and old. He describes the evils such as insomnia, indigestion and more serious troubles that may be prevented by regular physical development. He gives directions for the daily exercising of all the muscles either in the gymnasium or with the simpler appliances possible in a dressing-room, and he provides the usual photographs of men before and after a period of careful physical culture. We do not doubt that most persons could transform their bodies into gaucled and burly studies of surface anatomy, that they would gain in health and possibly in longevity by the process and that they would acquire a conceit of body engrossing to themselves and most burdensome to their friends. Mr. Blaikie attempts to prove by an inductive process that this physical development will be accompanied by an increase of mental power. We think this extremely improbable. It would be at least as easy to accumulate facts which would seem to show a correlation between bodily fragility and mental greatness, but we should not therefore recommend those who wish to display genius to cultivate bodily fragility. Probably more people are capable of developing fine bodies than of developing fine minds, and Mr. Blaikie's volume will no doubt please this majority.

"Dictionary of Medical Terms: English-French." By H. de Méric. London: Baillière, Tindall and Cox. 1899.

The relations between France and England are so intimate that each nation is constantly making use of the medical skill of the other. No doubt a large number of medical terms are practically identical, being only French or English modifications of a common Latin or Greek root, but there are also a very large number of accepted popular phrases and terms of entirely native origin. Dr. Méric has placed in his dictionary an enormous number of medical terms of both orders. It is a pity that he has not made his volume more useful by comparative statements of the weights and measures used in the prescriptions of the two countries. From our own experience we have found these differences more troublesome in emergencies than the difficulties of language.

VARIOUS VERSES.

"Idylls of Old Greece." By Ambrose N. Blatchford, B.A. Bristol: Arrowsmith. 1899.

"Rhymes of Ironquill." London: Redway. 1899.

"The City of Dreadful Night." By James Thomson. London: Dobell. 1899.

"Poems." By John Cowper Powys. London: Rider. 1899.

"Poems, including In Memoriam." By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. London: Macmillan. 1899.

"A Selection from the Songs and Poems of T. D. Sullivan." Dublin: Sealy. 1899.

THE scope of Mr. Blatchford, B.A.'s "Idylls of Old Greece" may be gauged by his dedication "to that very potent factor in the making of the Britain yet to be, 'THE SIXTH CLASSICAL' in ENGLAND'S PUBLIC SCHOOLS . . . in lasting gratitude to the Rev. Edward Spencer, M.A., whose insight penetrated, and whose spirit lit the story of the past, for those old boys, who in pleasant hours gathered round the headmaster's desk in the old Tavistock Grammar School." Without pausing to inquire what "those old boys" were doing there, we may congratulate Mr. Blatchford in having waited to bring up his present exercises until he was out of reach of Mr. Spencer's cane. "Violet" as a dissyllable had sufficed to call down the magisterial wrath. Half the book is made up of twaddling intro-

ductions to each of the tedious idylls, which, without any interest, merit, or distinction of their own, seem to re-echo all the most unnecessary ballad-writing of the century. The only possible use we can foresee for the effusion is that it may be prescribed as a very potent soporific for "the Sixth Classical" at seasons of excessive exuberance.

Ironquill, as a dutiful American, has modelled his methods on Poe. He has a keen sense of the melody of words and may be forgiven some incoherence. Here is at least a pretty parody:—

"Both of us talked of the past and present,
We watched the asteroids weaving lace,
And berylline billows of surging ether
Pounding the limitless cliffs of space."

"Ioline," labelled "an imitation," clings too closely to its original and has too small a point of its own to do more than arrest a passing glance, but it seems to suggest that the author might do good work if he struck out a line of his own.

"One black evening in October
All the world seemed sad and sober
And a doom

Dark and dismal
Shrouded all life's colours prismatic
And before me yawned abysmal
Gulfs of gloom."

But when we turn to his attempts at originality, we find little more than that peculiar vulgarity which passes current for humour in America, and the laboured nonsense which should only be attempted by genius.

The philosophy of James Thomson, like that of Giosuè Carducci, might be summed up in the latter's lines:

"Nel buon Dio, ninna nanna, ci più non crede,
E nel Re, ninna nanna, ancora men."

Though Mr. Thomson has not yet written an ode to Satan, he is obviously on the side of the fallen angels. He rants and he blasphemes, but he does so with some sickly skill. Those who have found in life nothing but one long regret, whose wages of sin have rotted away their consciences and souls, who yearn to hear of greater unhappiness than their own, may find pleasure in "The City of Dreadful Night." It is not without a lugubrious cleverness and, on homœopathic principles, its mournful music may soothe. But healthy minds will cast it aside and sigh for better air.

Mr. Powys sets out with more joyous aspirations towards "warmer, mellow days," and though he describes his volume as only a "country flask of vintage thin," it contrasts favourably with Mr. Thomson's depressing drugs. His "Ode to a Straw" and "To the Moon" serve as samples of his acid crudity and there is very little body in his vintage, but at least his mild bouquet is never nauseous.

Reprints of Tennyson are always welcome and, at the low price of sixpence, should serve as an effective antidote to "snippets." A reprint of Mr. T. D. Sullivan is less a matter of course, but he deserves to be better known in England both as an object-lesson in the implacability of the Irishry and for his own decided poetical gifts. Both are illustrated in "Our Toasts," a special favourite among his countrymen:—

"Last night three genial friends with me
Talked of the times, and soon we thought
To try the question out if we
Could do as England says we ought."

They raised their glasses in honour of England:

"But no!
Our hearts beat slow,
The words stuck in our throats the while;
Then loud we laughed
And ere we quaffed

Our toast was this—'Our own green isle!'"

Other attempts supply other stirring verses, until finally:

"We rose—and oh!
With cheeks aglow,
And joyful tears on every face,
With cheer and shout
Our toast rang out—
'The Future of the Irish race!'"

"Dirty Little England" we see has been omitted, perhaps in deference to Miss Dorothy Drew, who figures on another page; but "God save Ireland," with its apotheosis of the gallows-tree, occupies a prominent place. We know that it is the fashion to believe that writing the songs of the people is a more important rôle than making their history, but perhaps, after all, the shouting of sedition may often serve as a safety-valve, and we may quote Mr. Sullivan's summary of his position in answer to a child's adulation of national bards:—

"Hush, little goosey; credit not
Their stories; short or long
The primest cheats on earth we've got
Are just those 'sons of song.'"

AN ATTACK ON IDEALISM.

"On the Realisation of the Possible." By F. W. Bain.
London: J. Parker and Co. 1899.

ENGLISH contributions to philosophy are sufficiently rare to create a prejudice in favour of any new appearance; and a certain polemical vigour and freedom from system have mostly distinguished the home-made article from the greater elaboration of the German product. But Mr. Bain lets his critical enthusiasm go too far; the doctrine he advances with so much confidence is neither well enough justified by argument nor sufficiently made explicit, in its wider bearings, to carry conviction. The book is disappointing.

In the dedication it is described as "the solution of an old problem;" what that problem is appears from page 41: "Determine rightly the nature of sight, and out of it philosophy will rise like a luxurious and spreading vegetation." The title of the book is thus somewhat misleading; there is little discussion of Aristotle's distinction of the "possible" and the "real." Nor is it clear how the book is, as it professes to be, a re-incarnation of Aristotle's spirit. No doubt, it renounces modern philosophy and all its works; no doubt Aristotle was the culmination of ancient philosophy. But modern philosophy is repudiated by Mr. Bain for its idealism, and Aristotle himself was certainly an idealist. More is needed: nor is the need satisfied by a dubious use of the terms "esse" and "posse," by quotation of isolated phrases, or by what similarity there is between the psychophysical theory of sight given in the second book of Aristotle's "Psychology," and the "analytical definition" of sight on which Mr. Bain's work hinges. The essential feature of this definition is that it attempts to reconcile natural realism with the physiology of the senses. Sight is "the instantaneous spatial objectification of colours" (p. 131): two pages lower down, it is described as "not the apprehension of colours, but the intuitive architectural construction of an ordered spatial edifice out of them." Colour sensations arise in the sub-conscious organism: sight is the actualised supervening product: it is, in Mr. Bain's phraseology, the "esse" which must be distinguished from its mere "posse" (the colour sensations), just as the soul or ego (the "esse") must be distinguished from the organism (the "posse"). To grasp this distinction is to solve the problem of philosophy. Sight is recognised as the direct apprehension of the thing as it really is: the gulf between mind and matter, which Descartes imagined, is found to be non-existent: that scepticism of sensation, which has damned modern philosophy, is swept away.

It would be mild to describe such a theory as paradoxical: if sight is a mediated product (since the "colour sensations" intervene between it and the "thing"), how can it be an immediate revelation of the thing? Mr. Bain cannot answer that question by any parade of the terms "esse" and "posse." Further, Mr. Bain's own words imply that sight is a result of the subject's activity: it is an "architectural construction" of sub-conscious materials: surely no more is needed to justify, notwithstanding Mr. Bain's contempt, the Kantian distinction of form and matter in sensation. And if the sense world is the creation of the subject, how exclude the doubt that image and original do not exactly correspond? This is the critical basis of idealism: if sense is thus dubious, the moral

postulates and the needs of feeling can urge their claims; and the impossibility of conceiving inanimate matter and of thinking a world of things in space, has also to be considered. In this way, for the idealist, reason opens the door to faith: the sense world is but a curtain rather concealing than expressing the real world. Mr. Bain ought to meet these wider doctrines of idealism, if indeed he can correct the inconsistency of his definition. His prolix and rhetorical attacks on idealism, confusing from their mingling so many diverse standpoints, turn mainly on two objections, both, we think, fallacious. (1) "Idealism is critically absurd: it accepts the fact of an external world in order to prove the fact impossible." But Mr. Bain seems guilty of the blunder of thinking that all idealism must be subjective idealism. The idealist does not say "My spirit is all reality," but "All reality is spirit." (2) "The idealist and physiologist explain sight as due to ether vibrations, then assert that sight is merely subjective; but really they only know of ether vibrations by sight: hence, they are using sight to disprove its own validity." On the contrary, they are "explaining" one phenomenon in terms of another: what is involved in a "phenomenon" still remains to be considered.

We do not then regard Mr. Bain's realism as a satisfactory theory. His work is further defective from its neglecting recent psychophysical investigations of the interdependence of the senses, and of the relation of motor and muscular sensations with sight. The chain of leading conceptions, which he collects as showing the "Unity of Nature," is rather scrappy and does not obviously form a consecutive series: while the brief section on evolution mainly consists of a violent attack on Darwin, which does not add much to the discussion. The essence of philosophy is to be impartial, comprehensive, clear-headed: the book under consideration seems to fail in all three qualities.

NOVELS.

"Transgression." By S. S. Thorburn. London: Pearson. 1899.

Mr. Thorburn knows his North-West Frontier at first hand, and he holds the same views on the "forward policy" as all other Indian civilians. He has written yet another novel in which he impresses them on his readers with as little compunction and as much courage as if he were again lecturing the Viceroy and his councillors at Simla. The occasion is perhaps equally inopportune. Mr. Thorburn has helped his readers on this occasion by putting some of his lessons into an appendix at the end. It would be better still if he gave up the attempt to combine instruction with amusement and stuck to the story alone. He has shown that he can write one which overflows with incident and is rich in vivid sketches of frontier life and character. But he must abandon introspection and he must make his men and women a little more consistent than he makes them in "Transgression." It may be permissible in romance for a fickle flirt to develop into the humbly devoted wife. But when an empty-headed and rather nauseous libertine becomes a heroic V.C., an astute diplomat and a faithful husband, we feel that something has been sacrificed to secure a happy ending all round.

"In the Shadow of the Crown." By M. Bidder. London: Constable. 1899.

The author writes pleasantly, conscientiously and without affectation, but to deal with the early part of the fourteenth century and weave a romance round the historical personages amidst whom that impossible monarch Edward II. courted his downfall and Edward III. began his reign, is ambitious work if taken seriously. It needs a vivid pen, and the power to make the past real by judicious selection and portrayal of detail, a power that knowledge of all possible detail will only partly give, before the characters in such a story can live. "In the Shadow of the Crown" is successful up to a certain point. There are thrilling episodes in the lives of Prince John of Eltham and "Loyauté," somewhat precocious children in the early stages of their exist-

ence, but the author is usually either too self-restrained or too eager to hurry on, so that the thrill passes before the full effect is obtained.

"Nootka." By Granville Gordon. London: Sands. 1899.

"Nootka" has plenty of good spirited stuff in it of the kind that boys, perhaps, appreciate rather more than grown folk. Abe Wilson is a heroic figure of the good old type—Grecian featured, and six foot three, with virtues and pluck to scale. The tribe of semi-civilised Indians and their white chief are not too much of the story-book order, though the white chief's daughters have not much vitality, in spite of their averaging nearly twelve feet between the two of them. The author, one notes, has a certain reverence for height. The plot goes along merrily, the only hitch being a singularly inartistic pause in the action when Abe lies dying, and his friend takes the opportunity to go over the details of a hunting episode in which the two men shared. One distinction the book may claim—there is no flavour of Stevenson: and the bloodshed is not too like that of Rider Haggard.

"Sunningham and the Curate: a Study of Creeds and Commerce." By Edith A. Barnett. London: Chapman and Hall. 1899.

That part of the Suburbia of the 'Sixties which included Sunningham was more rural than the thing we know as Suburbia to-day, but it was just as woefully artificial as the civic dormitories with which the metropolis is now surrounded. Poverty came between Plutocracy and the sun. But there were compensations, and Miss Barnett, being no very severe satirist, makes the most of them. The Rev. Hilary Davies is a fine portrait of an ambitious humbug, and an example of the truth of many a moral maxim. The story is painful reading in parts but the whole is marked by fine womanly feeling. There is acuteness in the characterisation; and despite the old-fashioned methods of gathering up the threads and bestowing large families at the close, the book leaves a pleasant impression.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Alfred the Great: Chapters on his Life and Times." London: A. and C. Black. 1899.

If the proposed memorial to King Alfred, in celebration of the one thousandth year of his death, is to be, as it should be, the fruit of a truly national movement, it is obviously an excellent thing to induce all classes to take a practical interest in the project. What manner of man Alfred was, and what he did, are by no means within the knowledge of all people. A very little history and a little more legend probably comprise the common stock of knowledge of most English people with regard to the King who did so many things well and nothing base. The essays in the book before us make it possible for everybody to appreciate how irresistible, how many-sided, how commanding is the claim of Alfred to national reverence. In his introduction to the volume Sir Walter Besant sounds the right note. It is an inspiring call to readers. Mr. Frederic Harrison follows with an eloquent eulogy of Alfred "as King." The Bishop of Bristol deals admirably with the religious ideals and educational work of Alfred, and Mr. Oman with his wisdom and strategy as a fighting man. "As a geographer" Sir Clements Markham writes with authority on the wonderful voyage of Ottar, or Oht-her, that pioneer of Arctic exploration, whom Alfred encouraged and protected. Professor Earle reveals in the clearest light the debt all English-speaking people owe to Alfred as a writer, and emphasises the cumulative effect of the career of Alfred, recalling irresistibly the conclusion of Marvell in his great ode—"So much one man can do, who does both act and know." Then Sir Frederick Pollock treats of Alfred as law-giver, of his famous "dooms," and Mr. Loftie is occupied with a sympathetic paper on "the Arts" in Alfred's times.

It is not pleasant to throw cold water on a worthy object, but it is sometimes necessary. Certain philanthropists have endeavoured to help the West Indies by forming themselves into a West Indian Co-operative Union, Limited, and we have been favoured with a copy of the Appendix to the Union's first annual report. This Appendix is an essay, arguing eloquently for the salvation of the West Indies by means of co-operative associations on the Irish model. We should however have been glad to see the figures of the report itself. The fact that (as we imagine) the first year's working is not favourable does not of course imply ultimate failure, but enthusiastic even as we are for co-operation, we deem it our duty to point out to all interested, or proposing to be interested, in the Union that the

Appendix is not accurate in contending for an exact analogy between Ireland and Europe and the West Indies. And the point of inaccuracy goes to the root of the whole matter. Irish and European agriculture is not crushed by the Bounty System, which blights the West Indies. It would have been fairer had the writer of the Appendix not ignored the Bounty incubus, as he has done completely; and it will certainly be the wiser part for those interested in the West Indies to concentrate their efforts at present upon checkmaking the bounties.

June 1, 1885, saw Paris passing reverently before the Arc de Triomphe, where the body of Victor Hugo lay in state. When his will was opened, it was found that he had left his manuscripts to the Bibliothèque Nationale—thirty-four bulky volumes—recently examined for the first time by MM. Paul and Victor Glachant, who now publish their observations in the "Revue de Paris" (15 June). With the exception of the "Hernani," and of some smaller manuscripts, all are reviewed. It was Hugo's way to jot down thoughts as they occurred to him, and to draw up a rough draft before beginning to write. "Notre Dame de Paris" was written in a few weeks, "Ruy Blas" in a few days.

"The Bible for Home Reading" (London: Macmillan), edited with comments and reflections for the use of Jewish parents and children by C. G. Montefiore, contains "selections from the wisdom literature, the prophets and the psalter, together with extracts from the Apocrypha." The present volume is a "second part," which the compiler has adapted chiefly for adult readers.—"Islam in Africa" (London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons), by Dr. A. P. Atterbury, with an introduction by Professor F. F. Ellinwood, is an interesting account of the work of Mohammedanism in Africa based partly upon study, partly upon personal observation.—"In the Hour of Silence" (London: Melrose), by Alexander Smellie, supplies daily Christian "meditations for a year."—In "How the English Workman Lives" (London: P. S. King) we are given the reflections of a German miner, who has had to seek a home in England owing to a too pronounced propensity to criticise things in his own country.—"The Merchant's Handbook of Money, Weights and Measures with their British Equivalents" (London: Stanford), by W. A. Browne, has been brought up to date and is now in its fifth edition.—Much as the "Black Museum" has been written about, Mr. R. J. Power-Berry contrives to show in "The Bye-ways of Crime" (London: Greening) that the interest of the subject has not been exhausted.—No game has taken a wider hold in recent years than "Solo Whist," the whys and the wherefores of which Mr. C. J. Melrose seeks to explain in a volume just published by Mr. Upcott Gill.

Messrs. George Newnes are fortunate in having secured Mr. C. B. Fry to edit "The Book of Cricket," a new gallery of famous players of which the first weekly part has just been issued.

For This Week's Books see page 796.

NOTICES.

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THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE. By GILBERT WHITE. Edited by GRANT ALLEN. With upwards of 200 Illustrations by EDMUND H. NEW. To be issued in 12 Monthly Parts, uniform with "Walton's Compleat Angler." Demy 4to. 1s. 6d. net.

The *Country Life* says:—"The most delightful form that can be imagined. The attraction lies chiefly in finding the masterpiece so admirably illustrated by Mr. Edmund H. New. In black and white line-work of this class he has no equal."

* Prospectus, showing type, paper, and specimen illustrations, post free on application.

THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND. By the late S. R. MAITLAND, Author of "The Dark Ages," sometime librarian to Archbishop Howley, and Keeper of the Manuscripts at Lambeth. With an Introduction by A. W. Hutton, M.A. Crown 8vo. 6s. net. [Ready next week.]

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Now Ready, at all Libraries and Booksellers.

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The *Daily News* says:—

"AN ARTISTIC HISTORICAL NOVEL."

"Mr. Frank Mathew is a literary artist. He has a vivid and evasive touch in style and distinction of presentation. The monarch's figure seems to loom out. Anne Bullen is a very living bit of portraiture. Every scene between her and Henry in the book is a little masterpiece."

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ROYAL SOCIETY for the PREVENTION of CRUELTY to ANIMALS.

Owing to the Society's operations the statutes made for the protection of animals have been enacted and enforced. It is an educational and punitive agency. It disseminates in schools, and among persons having the care of dumb animals, upwards of one hundred different kinds of journals, leaflets, pamphlets, and small books, all of which are designed to teach the proper treatment of domestic animals, and the duty and profitability of kindness to them. By its officers, who are engaged in all parts of England, it cautions or punishes persons guilty of offences. Thus, while its primary object is the protection of creatures which minister to man's wants, it is obvious that in no small degree it seeks to elevate human nature.

Persons who desire to be made acquainted with further particulars, showing the persuasive and educational measures or punitive proceedings taken by the Society to prevent cruelty to animals, should apply to the Secretary or to all booksellers for its monthly illustrated journals, "The Animal World," price 2d., and "The Band of Mercy," price 4d.; also to the Secretary for its annual report, price 1s. for non-members; also for books, pamphlets, leaflets, and other literature published by the Society, a catalogue of which may be had gratis; also for copies of its monthly return of convictions, or also its cautionary placards, which will be sent gratis to applicants who offer to distribute them usefully. Address, No. 105 Jermyn Street.

MONTHLY RETURN OF CONVICTIONS (not including those obtained by the police or by kindred societies) obtained during the month ending June 15, 1899, as follows:—

| | |
|---|-----|
| Working horses and donkeys in an unfit state | 312 |
| Beating &c. horses, donkeys, cattle, sheep, pigs, dogs, and cats... | 85 |
| Overloading and overdriving horses and donkeys | 14 |
| Travelling horses, cattle, and sheep when lame | 25 |
| Starving horses, donkeys, cattle, and pigs by withholding food | 12 |
| Abandoning horses and sheep when injured | 5 |
| Overstocking cows' udders | 3 |
| Conveying cattle and sheep on improperly appointed ships | 4 |
| Overcrowding cattle in railway truck | 1 |
| Shooting dogs with intent to torture, and setting to fight | 4 |
| Wounding fowls by setting dogs to worry | 2 |
| Shooting, taking, &c., wild birds during close season | 25 |
| Causing in above (owners) | 188 |

During 1899 up to last return 680

3104

Total for the present year 3781

Thirty offenders were committed to prison (full costs paid by the Society). 680 offenders paid pecuniary penalties (penalties are not received by the Society). The above return is irrespective of the assistance rendered to the police in cases not requiring the personal attendance of our officers.

The Committee invite the co-operation and support of the public. Besides day-duty, relays of officers watch all-night traffic in the streets of London. Printed suggestions may be had on application to the undersigned.

ANONYMOUS COMPLAINTS OF CRUELTY ARE NOT ACTED ON.

The names of correspondents are not given up when letters are marked "Private." Cheques and Post Orders should be made payable to the Secretary, to whom all letters should be addressed. The Society is GREATLY in NEED of FUNDS.

JOHN COLAM, Secretary.

105 Jermyn Street, London.

The above return is published (1) to inform the public of the nature and extent of acts of cruelty to animals discovered by the Society in England and Wales; (2) to show the Society's efforts to suppress that cruelty by statutory law; (3) to prompt the police and constabulary to apply the Statutes in similar offences; and (4) to make the law known and respected, and to warn cruelly disposed persons against breaking it. Officers are not permitted to lay information, except as directed by the Secretary on written evidence.

STANDARD BANK of SOUTH AFRICA, Ltd.

(Bankers to the Government of the Cape of Good Hope.)

Head Office, 10 Clement's Lane, Lombard Street, London, E.C., and 90 Branches in South Africa.

| | |
|--------------------|------------|
| Subscribed Capital | £4,000,000 |
| Paid-up Capital | £1,000,000 |
| Reserve Fund | £800,000 |

This Bank grants drafts on, and transacts every description of banking business with, the principal towns in Cape Colony, Natal, South African Republic, Orange Free State, Rhodesia, and East Africa. Telegraphic remittances made. Deposits received for fixed periods. Terms on application.

J. CHUMLEY, London Manager.

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Per Dozen Bots. 1/6 8/3

Pure BORDEAUX, an excellent light Dinner Wine. The quality of this wine will be found equal to wine usually sold at much higher prices.

ST. ESTEPHE.

SUPERIOR DINNER WINE old in bottle. On comparison it will be found very superior to wine usually sold at higher prices. The appreciation this wine meets with from the constantly increasing number of customers it procures us in London and the Provinces gives us additional confidence in submitting it to those who like pure Bordeaux wine.

17/6 9/9

3 Dozen Bottles or 6 Dozen Pints Delivered Carriage Paid to any Railway Station, including Cases and Bottles.

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We regret the increased duty compels advance of 6d. per doz.

JAMES SMITH & COMPANY,

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LESSEES: THE GRAND OPERA SYNDICATE, LIMITED. GRAND OPERA EVERY EVENING.

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Doors open 7.45.

798

BONANZA, LIMITED.

CAPITAL £200,000.

MANAGER'S REPORT

FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL, 1899.

MINE.

Number of feet driven, risen, and sunk exclusive of stopes ... 260 feet.
Ore and waste mined ... 9,269 tons.
Less waste sorted out = 35.3 per cent. ... 3,272 "

Balance sent to mill ... 5,997 tons.
Percentage of South Reef mined ... 52 per cent.
" Main Reef Leader mined ... 48 "

MILL.

Stamps ... 40
Running time ... 28.69 days.
Tons milled ... 5,997 tons.
" per stamp per day ... 5.22 tons.
Smelted gold bullion ... 5,213.3 ozs.
Equivalent in fine gold ... 4,431.29 "

SANDS AND SLIMES WORKS.

Yield in bullion ... 3,729.3 ozs.
Equivalent in fine gold ... 3,170.15 "

TOTAL YIELD.

Yield in fine gold from all sources ... 7,601.447 ozs.
" " per ton milled ... 25.34 dwt.

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On a basis of 5,997 Tons Milled.

EXPENDITURE.

| | £ | s. | d. | s. | d. |
|---|---------|----|----|----|----------|
| To Mining Expenses... | 3,648 | 19 | 0 | 12 | 2'020 |
| Crushing and Sorting | 582 | 1 | 10 | 1 | 11'295 |
| Milling | 1,393 | 16 | 2 | 4 | 6'578 |
| Cyaniding Sands | 1,063 | 14 | 8 | 3 | 6'552 |
| " Slimes | 452 | 15 | 5 | 1 | 7'008 |
| Head Office | 443 | 13 | 2 | 1 | 5'748 |
| Development Redemption, 5,997 tons at 6/3 ton | £7,585 | 0 | 3 | £1 | 5 3'201 |
| Expenditure on machinery—Compressor 2,075 5 8 | 1,874 | 1 | 3 | 6 | 3'000 |
| Electric Power 11 10 0 | 2,086 | 15 | 8 | 6 | 11'496 |
| Profit | 11,545 | 17 | 2 | 1 | 18 5'697 |
| | 20,105 | 0 | 7 | 3 | 7 0'951 |
| | £31,650 | 17 | 9 | £5 | 5 6'648 |

REVENUE.

| | Value. | Value per Ton. |
|--|--------------|----------------|
| | £ s. d. | £ s. d. |
| By Mill Gold: 4,431.293 ozs. fine gold, valued at ... | 18,611 8 7 | 3 2 0'816 |
| By Cyanide Gold: 3,170.154 ozs. fine gold, valued at ... | 13,039 9 2 | 2 3 5'832 |
| | £31,650 17 9 | £5 5 6'648 |

CAPITAL EXPENDITURE.

The Capital Expenditure for the month of April is as follows:

| | |
|---|------------|
| Development | £2,398 2 0 |
| Less Development Redemption charged under working costs | 1,874 1 3 |
| | £524 0 9 |

FRANCIS SPENCER, Manager.

THE GELDENHUIS ESTATE AND GOLD MINING COMPANY

(ELANDSFONTEIN No. 1), LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - - - - £200,000

DIRECTORATE:

W. H. ROGERS, Chairman (alternate H. A. ROGERS).
E. BOUCHER. PAUL DREYFUS (alternate J. L. BERGSON).
W. F. LANCE (alternate A. HERSHENSCHN).
P. GERLICH (alternate J. L. KUHLMANN).
HEAD OFFICE: Grusonwerk Buildings, Johannesburg, P.O. Box 413.
LONDON OFFICE: 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

REPORT FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL, 1899.

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

120 Stamps.

Milled, 18,585 Tons.

WORKING EXPENSES.

| | Cost. | Cost per ton. |
|---|--------------|--------------------------|
| To Mining | £6,179 13 6 | 6s. 7 ⁸⁰ ad. |
| " Hauling and Pumping | 446 12 0 | os. 5 ⁷⁶ d. |
| " Sorting, Trimming and Crushing | 580 10 1 | os. 7 ⁴⁶ d. |
| " Development | 1,011 6 11 | 1s. 1 ⁰⁶ od. |
| " Milling | 1,471 6 11 | 1s. 7 ⁰⁰ od. |
| " Cyaniding Concentrates | 230 5 5 | os. 2 ⁹⁷ ad. |
| " Mill Tailings | 1,510 11 0 | 1s. 7 ⁵⁰ d. |
| " Mill Water Supply | 236 8 6 | os. 3 ⁰⁵ jd. |
| " Maintenance | 3,338 7 6 | 3s. 7 ¹¹ d. |
| " Charges | 431 0 10 | os. 5 ⁵⁶ d. |
| " Slimes Treatment (current) | 596 14 9 | os. 7 ⁷⁰ d. |
| " Slimes Treatment (accumulated) | 16,032 17 5 | 17s. 3 ⁰⁴ ad. |
| | 146 8 8 | os. 1 ⁸⁹ id. |
| " Profit for Month | 16,179 6 1 | 17s. 4 ⁹³ d. |
| | 27,308 8 11 | 29s. 4 ⁶⁵ d. |
| | £43,487 13 0 | 46s. 9 ⁵⁸ ad. |

REVENUE.

| | Value. | Value per ton. |
|---|--------------|---------------------------|
| " Gold from Mill | | |
| 7,199 ⁹³ ozs., valued | £26,217 10 0 | 28s. 2 ⁵⁶ jd. |
| From Tailings— | | |
| 3,191 ¹⁵ ozs., valued | 11,046 5 0 | 11s. 10 ⁶⁴ jd. |
| From Concentrates— | | |
| 930 ⁰⁰ ozs., valued | 3,216 10 0 | 3s. 5 ⁵³ jd. |
| From Slimes (current)— | | |
| 540 ⁸¹ ozs., valued | 1,905 0 0 | 2s. 0 ⁶⁰ id. |
| Products treated— | | |
| 205 ¹⁴ ozs., valued | 722 10 0 | os. 9 ³³ od. |
| From Slimes (accumulated)— | | |
| 107 ⁹⁵ ozs., valued | 43,107 15 0 | 46s. 4 ⁶⁷ jd. |
| | 380 0 0 | os. 4 ⁹⁰ jd. |
| | £43,487 15 0 | 46s. 9 ⁵⁸ ad. |

The Cost and Value per Ton are worked out on the basis of the Tonnage Milled.

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE (Including Capital Expenditure).

| | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------|
| To Working Expenses (as above) | £16,179 6 1 |
| " Slimes Plant | 485 1 7 |
| " New No. 2 Pumping Station | 52 0 0 |
| " Furniture | 28 20 0 |
| " Plant, General | 139 6 1 |
| " Hauling and Pumping Plant | 111 10 0 |
| " Battery | 32 15 0 |
| " Cyanide Works | 2 10 1 |
| " Tram Plant | 30 4 2 |
| " Water Shaft | 322 9 10 |
| " Balance | 17,383 12 10 |
| | 26,104 2 2 |
| | £43,487 15 0 |

By Gold from Mill, Tailings, Concentrates and Slimes, &c., valued £43,487 15 0

MINE DEVELOPMENT.

| | |
|---|--------------|
| Drives | 33 feet. |
| Sinking Winzes | 79 " |
| Total footage for month | 103 " |
| The ore developed by the above footage was | 33,085 tons. |

SORTING.

| | |
|---|--------------|
| Ore raised from the Mine | 24,138 tons. |
| Waste sorted out (equal to 27 ⁵⁶ per cent.) | 6,654 " |
| Sorted ore sent to mill | 17,484 " |
| Ore in bins at Battery 1st April | 2,353 " |
| | 19,837 " |
| Ore crushed for April | 18,585 " |
| Balance in bins 1st May | 1,252 " |

MILL.

| | |
|---|--------------------------|
| 220 Stamps ran 29 days 12 hours crushing | 18,585 tons. |
| Tons crushed per Stamp per 24 hours | 5 ²⁵ " |
| Bullion yield | 7,199 ⁹³ ozs. |
| Bullion yield per ton | 2 ⁷⁴ dwts. |

CYANIDE WORKS.

| | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| Tons treated | Tailings, 12,223 | Concentrates, 1,400 |
| Bullion yield | 3,191 ¹⁵ ozs. | 930 ⁰⁰ ozs. |
| Bullion yield per ton | 5 ²² dwts. | 13 ²⁸ dwts. |
| Working cost per ton treated | s. d. 2 5 ⁶⁶ | s. d. 3 3 ⁴⁷ |

SLIMES PLANT.

| | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------|-------------|-------------------------|-------|
| Tons treated | Current, 4,343 | tons | Accumulated, 867 | tons. |
| Bullion yield | 540 ⁸¹ ozs. | | 107 ⁹⁵ ozs. | |
| Bullion yield per ton | 5 ⁴⁹ dwts. | | 5 ⁴⁹ dwts. | |
| Working cost per ton treated | s. d. 2 8 ⁹⁷ | | s. d. 3 4 ⁵³ | |

The small tonnage of Accumulated Slimes treated is due to bad settling, and alterations being made to the treatment vats.

TOTAL YIELD.

| | Tons. | ozs. | Bullion. | Fine Gold. | Per Ton crushed, Fine Gold, dwts. grains. |
|-----------------------------|--------|----------------------|----------------------|------------|---|
| Mill | 18,585 | 7,199 ⁹³ | 6,223 ⁷⁰ | 2 | 16 ⁷⁴ |
| Cyanide (Tailings) | 12,223 | 3,191 ¹⁵ | 2,622 ²⁶ | 2 | 19 ⁷³ |
| " (Concentrates) | 1,400 | 930 ⁰⁰ | 763 ⁶² | 0 | 19 ⁷³ |
| Slimes (Current) | 4,343 | 540 ⁸¹ | 452 ¹⁰ | 0 | 11 ⁶⁷ |
| Slimes (Accumulated) | 867 | 11,861 ⁸⁹ | 10,061 ⁶⁸ | 10 | 19 ⁸⁶ |
| | | 107 ⁹⁵ | 90 ²⁶ | 2 | 3 ³³ |
| | | 11,969 ⁸⁴ | 10,151 ⁹⁴ | 10 | 22 ¹⁹ |

In addition to the above, Cyanide Slags were treated containing 205¹⁴ ozs. of Bullion, equal to 171³⁰ ozs. Fine Gold.

MARCH YIELD.

| | Tons. | ozs. | Bullion. | Fine Gold. | Per Ton crushed, Fine Gold, dwts. grains. |
|-----------------------------|--------|----------------------|----------------------|------------|---|
| Mill | 19,110 | 7,437 ⁷³ | 6,411 ⁸² | 6 | 17 ⁰⁵ |
| Cyanide (Tailings) | 12,018 | 3,455 ³⁰ | 2,772 ⁹⁰ | 2 | 21 ⁶⁵ |
| " (Concentrates) | 1,680 | 1,353 ⁴⁵ | 1,086 ¹⁴ | 1 | 3 ²⁸ |
| Slimes (Current) | 4,002 | 414 ⁸³ | 358 ⁸² | 0 | 9 ⁰¹ |
| Slimes (Accumulated) | 1,654 | 12,661 ³¹ | 10,629 ⁷⁷ | 11 | 2 ⁹⁹ |
| | | 171 ²⁷ | 148 ¹⁵ | 0 | 3 ⁷² |
| | | 12,832 ⁵⁸ | 10,777 ⁹² | 11 | 6 ⁷¹ |

In addition to the above, Litharge was sold containing 78¹⁸ ozs. of fine Gold.

P. C. HAW, Secretary.

JOHANNESBURG, 15th May, 1899.

RAND MINES, LIMITED.

A cablegram has just been received from the Head Office in Johannesburg to the following effect:—

A Special Meeting of Shareholders will be held on 17th August to consider the advisability of purchasing the Founders' lien on the profits of the Company, in accordance with the terms of the written offer to be found on page 43 of the Annual Report to 31st December, 1898. It is proposed to issue 110,903 shares of the nominal value of £1 each in exchange for the Founders' interests, and, consequently, to increase the Capital of the Company to £490,000 by the creation of 90,000 shares of £1 each. Of these, 88,089, together with 21,912 of the shares already held in reserve, will be issued for the purpose mentioned. The balance of the new shares, 1,011, will be added to reserve, and the required 40,000 shares will be maintained for Working Capital, according to the Articles of Association.

A Second Meeting will be held on 24th August to consider the conversion of the present £1 shares each into four shares of the nominal value of 5s., and to amend the Articles of Association of the Company as may be necessary for this purpose. It is proposed to further amend the Articles of Association to conform with the altered conditions existing, if the Founders' lien on the profits is acquired, and, further, to fully revise the Articles.

Full particulars are being sent by mail, and, as soon as they are received, notices will be duly issued to Shareholders.

By Order, A. MOIR, London Secretary.
London Office: 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.
19th June, 1899.

The written offer referred to above is as follows:—

THE PROPRIETORS' RESERVE LIMITED,

14 GEORGE STREET, MANSHON HOUSE,
LONDON, 24th February, 1899.

The Chairman and Directors, RAND MINES, LIMITED,

JOHANNESBURG, S.A.R.

DEAR SIRS,—

We are informed that proposals will be submitted to your Board contemplating a splitting of your present shares into smaller denominations, which, if accepted, will involve a reconstruction of the Capital of the Company. It may be asked on that occasion on what terms the holders of the Founders' lien would be willing to exchange their interest against ordinary shares, and my Directors think it right to put their views before you. I may say that this Company (an English Company, registered on the 4th January, 1897) own the whole Founders' interest, and its position is as follows:—

The Memorandum of Agreement of the Rand Mines, dated 17th February, 1893, page 43, sub. "d," states that the Founders are entitled to one-fourth of any distribution of the assets by way of dividends, or otherwise, after the original Capital has been returned to the Shareholders.

This Company is, therefore, entitled to one-fourth of the new capital, equal to one-third of the present capital, or any increases, and my Directors are prepared to settle on the basis of the present capital, foregoing their right to a participation in further increases, which is an important concession.

They would also engage not to sell the shareholdings, say, for two years. On the other hand, these shares would be entitled to all the rights of the ordinary shares, &c., &c.

HOME AND COLONIAL STORES, LIMITED.

SHARE, TRANSFER, AND DIVIDEND OFFICE.

DIVIDEND, ON PREFERENCE SHARES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Transfer and Share Registers of the £5 fully-paid Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of the Home and Colonial Stores, Limited, will be closed from Monday, 26th, until Friday, 30th June, both days inclusive, for preparation of the quarterly dividend on this security, payable 1st July. Dividend Warrants will be posted 30th June to all Shareholders on the register on the 24th inst.

By Order, ALFRED PIGOTT,
Registrar.

2 and 4 Paul Street, Finsbury,
London, June, 1899.

TOWRANNA GOLD MINES.

THE TOWRANNA GOLD MINES OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA, LTD., was registered in March, 1896, with a capital of £125,000, and came out under the auspices of the Universal Corporation of Western Australia, Limited. Its property originally consisted of two 25-acre leases in the West Pilbarra Field, but it has since acquired two additional adjacent claims of 12 acres each, and at present the total area of the company's ground is 74 acres. Negotiations are also proceeding for the purchase of other contiguous blocks, so that eventually the full extent of the property will be by no means inconsiderable.

The 25-acre leases are called respectively the "Edith" and "Castle," and were first taken up by Dr. Emile Clement, who is now one of the directors, when he visited the district in charge of a prospecting party during the rush in the summer of 1895. The claims were exploited by four shafts, and the nature of the ground thus tried can be gathered from the statements of engineers who examined the workings some months later. One report said: "It may be looked upon as proved beyond a doubt that a large body of valuable gold-bearing quartz awaits raising. The quartz veins that have been exposed and followed down at various points show varying widths. Samples tried by dolly process show results up to quite 6 ozs. per ton, and the general average battery stone I should expect to yield 1 oz. 15 dwts. per ton. Good fresh water has been found in the neighbouring lease at a depth of 103 feet, and there is no reason to doubt that an abundant supply for battery purposes is available by sufficient excavation." Another expert, commenting on the auriferous nature of the district generally, observed: "The character of the enclosing rocks, the well-defined lodes traversing them, the quartz of which shows more or less gold in every pailful of dirt washed, promises to make this goldfield a very successful one."

It will thus be seen that there was apparently reasonable expectation to go on, that the mine could be brought to a paying basis without much trouble, and that skill and intelligence devoted to the development work could not fail to bear good fruit in due season. Unfortunately, the early management was by no means what could have been desired, and for nearly a year little headway was made. To get a letter out to Towranna and receive a reply took about six months, and in the meantime things were practically at a standstill. In December, 1896, these management troubles were readjusted by Dr. Clement returning to Australia and temporarily taking charge of the property. He proved the existence of an abundant supply of fresh water on the "Castle" claim by striking it at 135 feet, the flow being equal to 1,000 gallons an hour. Then a six months' exemption was obtained, the time being utilised in acquiring some of the additional properties referred to, and getting things into better order on the mine.

The "Castle" and "Edith" leases are scored all over with cost-veins, and have four shafts down at varying depths. On the "Castle" there is a reef 3 feet thick, which, after being proved for 50 feet, suddenly disappeared, though it was picked up again to the westward as hard as ever, and of as high auriferous value—2½ ozs. to 3 ozs. per ton. It is on the "Towranna" and "Towranna Queen" 12-acre blocks, however, that the manager has discovered the most payable ore and in the largest quantities. These two leases adjoin the Yellow Aster, in which a number of reefs have already been found, and four have been proved to within 15 yards of the company's boundary. On the Towranna side of the border an open cut has been tried, revealing two small veins. Four shafts have also been sunk, one down 34 feet, striking a reef going 1 oz. to 1½ oz., another down 40 feet in ore running 3 ozs., and a third down over 100 feet in what Dr. Clement considers the best reef in the district, though its fullest capabilities are not yet disclosed, and probably will not be till greater depth is attained. The theory is that this reef embraces the large bodies of stone coming not only from the north in the Yellow Aster, but also from the east in the Towranna Queen.

Besides the reefs there is an immense quantity of auriferous rubble on the property ready for crushing. Low estimates put the amount at 70,000 tons, but others think that double that figure would not be an

exaggeration. Dr. Clement crushed a trial sample of 14 tons, and found the yield was over 1 oz. per ton. It is true the sample was sifted, but that was rendered necessary by the inefficient state of the battery which treated the stone. Even then, in the tailings, some 3 ozs. per ton was left. A trial crushing at the same mill of 72 tons of quartz, from the "Edith" and "Castle" shafts, produced 114 ozs. of retorted gold, and there was a further 3 ozs. 12 dwts. per ton in the tailings. Messrs. Johnson, Matthey and Co. have also tested a sample of the reef in the Towranna claim, and certify the result as 51 ozs. 1 dwt. per ton, though there was no gold visible to the naked eye.

These evidences of the latent wealth of the property induced the directors last year to act promptly in putting a thoroughly competent manager in charge, and in equipping the mine with all needful plant. An engineer, Mr. T. E. Hardy, whose experience covers not only Australian but other goldfields, now has control of the mine, and there is every reason for believing that in future all that skill and economical superintendence can do to make the claims payable will be done. Fraser and Chalmers have just supplied a 10-head mill, which is described as the best on the field, and was erected under the direction of an exceedingly competent millwright. The battery started work in April, and the result, after the first clean-up, early in May, was 164 ozs. from 70 tons, whilst a further crushing to test a new reef gave 61 ozs. of smelted gold from 43 tons. In addition to the mill, the principal shafts are adequately fitted with hoisting and pumping gear, and the property is provided with other machinery and buildings necessary for its complete and quick development. As we have previously mentioned, an abundant supply of water has been found, and there is no lack of timber in the neighbourhood. The River Sherlock, which is nearly 200 miles long, runs through the locality, and its banks are covered with fine gum trees, which can be delivered at Towranna at cheap rates. In many ways, therefore, it appears that the mine has much that augurs its future success, and those interested, not only in the company but in the district, will watch its development with considerable attention.

Mr. C. W. Mansel Lewis, the chairman, who is well known in mining circles in Wales, speaking at the last annual meeting, referred to the difficulties the undertaking had to surmount, not the least of which was the want of working capital, and showed his own faith in the mine by the action he took. "The company," he said, "came into existence at a rather unfortunate moment, when the reaction consequent on the indiscriminate floating of companies in Western Australia was commencing. And, as a result of this, not more than about £3,000 of the working capital of £25,000 was taken by the public. Under these circumstances, and in order to enable the company to get to work, the Universal Corporation of Western Australia and myself, having a strong belief in the possibilities of the property, took up the 8,000 shares between us in equal parts. The position of the company, therefore, at the present time with regard to its working capital amounts to this, that there are 13,789 shares remaining unissued. In order to enable the company to carry on operations satisfactorily, and to meet certain necessary payments at no distant date, it is absolutely necessary that a further portion of the unissued working capital should be taken up as soon as possible." "You cannot," Mr. Lewis added, "get returns out of a mine, unfortunately, till a good deal of money has been put into it. But, in our case, as soon as the 10-stamp battery has been properly erected, we have good reason to believe that the company will commence to receive substantial returns of gold, and that the mine will become self-supporting. With the small working capital it has had to deal with, the company has carried on operations for over two years. It has proved beyond all question the existence of very valuable reefs and rich rubble. It has provided a 10-stamp battery to deal with these, while the value of the various ores in sight at the present time, based not merely on assays but on the result of actual crushing in bulk, stands at the substantial sum of over £500,000, or more than four times the entire capital of the company." Since then, of course, these financial difficulties have, happily, been fully surmounted, and the shareholders may now look for those returns Mr. Lewis felt justified in predicting.

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